

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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ONE YEAR \$2.50

*A Weekly Illustrated Magazine
For All The Family*

SEPTEMBER 11, 1924
VOLUME 98, NO. 37



THE ARCH OF GOOD
CHARACTER RISES FROM
TWIN FOUNDATION
STONES—HONESTY AND
INDUSTRY—AND THE KEY-
STONE IN THE ARCH IS
INTELLIGENCE..HE WHO
PLAYS FAIR AND WORKS

FAIR·WHO LABORS TO ENLARGE THE CIRCLE
OF HIS INFLUENCE·WHO IS UNSELFISH AND
THOUGHTFUL AND CONSIDERATE OF HIS
FELLOW MEN·WHO STRIVES DILIGENTLY
FOR IMPROVEMENT IN HIMSELF AND IN ALL
THINGS—HIM WE CALL A MAN OF GOOD
CHARACTER

THE AUTUMN NUMBER

—which appears on September 25—carries in all its stories the pleasant associations of fall—a time full of agreeable activities, whether in wood or field, in home or school.

THE MAGIC CHEST, a story for girls, deals with the beginning of school and the problem of winter clothes. It is full of charming sentiment.

WALLY GETS A BIRD is a delightful story of two boys and the extraordinary bird they got in the beech woods that the partridge haunts.

HUNTING IN THE PENNSYLVANIA WOODS is a capital outdoor paper that describes a great and successful experiment in increasing wild life.

GRANDMA BEAN'S BREAD is a hilarious tale of a country fair—always the chief event of autumn in the country.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION is an illustrated weekly paper for all the family. Issued weekly by the Perry Mason Company. The Youth's Companion, Publication Office, Rumford Building, Ferry Street, CONCORD, N. H., Editorial and business offices, 881 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass. Subscription price is \$2.50 a year, in advance, including postage prepaid to any address in the United States and Canada, and \$3.00 to foreign countries. Entered as second-class matter, Nov. 1, 1923, at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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PERRY MASON COMPANY
The Youth's Companion
Boston, Mass.

TONSILS

THE tonsils are small bodies that hang at either side of the back of the throat. When they are in a state of health we are not aware of them, but when unhealthy, as they too often are, they can cause much discomfort and suffering. The mouth and throat are constantly occupied by all sorts of organisms that, generally speaking, are quiescent, but that often conspire and give great trouble, and the tonsils naturally come in for their share.

In sore throat, for example, the brunt of the attack may fall upon the tonsils, and then we have what is called tonsillitis. The tonsils become inflamed and enlarged, and swallowing is exquisitely painful; there is also fever, a poisoned condition of the system and all the other accompaniments of sore throat. Although the fever of an attack of tonsillitis seldom lasts more than a day or two, the result is generally weakening, probably because there is no way to keep the poisonous products from entering the general system. When anyone suffers with repeated attacks of tonsillitis the small crypts or pockets that chiefly characterize the tonsils become enlarged and give shelter to all sorts of harmful material, which not only affects the health by being absorbed into the system but also gives rise to permanent bad breath.

Quinsy is an exquisitely painful affection of the tonsils and of the surrounding parts. It is generally a suppuration of the tissues round the tonsils, and its terrible pain is caused largely by the swelling of the parts—a condition that not only makes swallowing a torture but also makes the patient feel as if he were about to suffocate. As soon as the abscess of a quinsy is ripe it should be opened by the surgeon; in that way the sufferer may be saved two or three days of agony.

Some people have tonsils that are naturally too large, and enlargement of the tonsils sometimes runs in families. Diseased teeth discharging their germs into the saliva often spread their infection to the tonsils, or infection may be carried to them through inhaled dust. Enlarged septic tonsils or tonsils that are always giving rise to trouble in one form or another should come out. There is no minor operation that is followed by more joyous results than the removal of the wrong sort of tonsils.

THE UNEXPECTED HOLIDAY

"YOU dears!" Flora cried. "Come right in. If this isn't the most perfect ending to our wonderful day! You'll have to excuse the looks of things; Rob had an unexpected holiday, and the whole family dropped everything and flew to celebrate. We've been over on Black Mountain. You see the fruits of Margie's day." She waved her hand gayly to various jars and bowls of flowers. "Stuart's addition to his personal property is a turtle and some pine cones; they're all out in the shed."

"And I know about fireflies; father told me," Stuart volunteered.

"I know about fireflies too," Margie added. "When I grow up I'm going to know all about bugs and animals and everything," Stuart declared.

"With so much before you, you'll have to get a good start now," Flora admonished him. "Now say good night and then to bed."

They said good night, and after making her guests comfortable Flora excused herself and followed the children upstairs.

"Just once in an age," she said when she returned, "there's a day that's clear blue from its first moment to its last. I thought it was enough simply to have the unexpected holiday, and then to come home to friends—"

The evening passed swiftly—as evenings at Flora's always passed. To one of her guests at least Flora seemed beyond all other persons she knew to have the gift of living. But the other guest felt differently.

"I've known Flora Bruce for five years," she said on the way home, "but I never dreamed she was like that."

"Like what?" inquired the other. "Why, to go off and leave her rooms undusted. Did you see the floor? And the way the children had strewn the flowers about! Wouldn't you think she'd want them to feel the atmosphere of order round them? It would have taken such a little while to straighten things up."

Flora's friend drew a hard breath. "Things!" she cried. "Things! I get so sick of the way we let ourselves be chained to them. There are three hundred and sixty-five days in the year to dust the room and mop the floors, and perhaps not one other day for such a chance for joy, something to live in the memories of those children forever—a chance to make them realize the wonder of the world they live in. You know how dainty Flora's house usually is, but she never confuses values. Don't you see?"

TWO AERIAL DETECTIVES

SOME years ago a West Country gentleman walking in the woods near Buckfastleigh found a young buzzard hiding among some bushes. It could not fly, and, thinking that it was injured, he caught it and late that night took it by train to his own home—a distance of some fifteen miles. Early next morning, says Mr. Douglas Gordon in *Wild Life in Devon*, he tried to feed it, but without success. So he let it out in the garden and then went off to inspect some work that was going on elsewhere.

An hour later when he returned to the house the air seemed to palpitate with bird life, which was natural, since the place was something of a sanctuary for all feathered things. Small birds were twittering, rooks were cawing, turtle doves were crooning, and a woodpecker was beating a tattoo that made the whole park ring. All those sounds were familiar, but suddenly he heard a faraway cry that in some way recalled the woods of Buckfastleigh. He stopped at once and listened, but could distinguish only the crying of gulls along the river bank.

Remembering the stranger bird that he had brought in the night before, he entered the shrubbery in search of it. The young hawk was sitting on a stump in a limp, dazed posture, but it tried to fly off as its captor approached. Being loath to frighten it, he went away and soon forgot it amid other interests.

But late that afternoon the unmistakable crying of buzzards filled the air, and he hurried out to see two of the huge wild birds sailing in rapid circles over the shrubbery. They were screaming in boundless excitement, and the youngster, still perched on his stump, was adding a shrill contribution to the clamor. Down they came, descending in giddy spirals, and the next minute all three were on the stump, fussing, chattering and flapping big wings.

By what wonderful means had the parents discovered whether the lost one had gone? Had they ranged the whole countryside in random search? Had their marvellous vision detected the little creature from a vast height?

During the next two days the buzzards fed the little one and came again and again, endeavoring to lure him away. He quickly recovered his strength and on the third morning was nowhere to be found. Neither he nor the parents were ever seen again in the neighborhood.

TITLES THAT FOOL US

BOOK titles are often deceptive. The novelist who calls himself George Birmingham tells with a chuckle how a man once confided to him that he had bought a copy of his novel *The Lost Lawyer* in the belief that it would save him many a lawyer's fee. Then, says the Argonaut, there is the story of the dear old lady who, after buying a copy of *If Winter Comes*, took it back to the shop and asked them to change it. "I thought it might contain some receipts for cleaning up smuts and hints about fires," she explained.

Another story of the kind is that of the diplomat's wife who, attracted by the words "Guide to India" on the back of a book, bought it for her husband as a birthday present. It turned out to be volume five of a famous encyclopædia and covered subjects from "Guide" to "India."

A CAUTIOUS PRISONER

THE following conversation between a prosecuting attorney and a prisoner was heard in a court room far up in the mountains of West Virginia:

"Prisoner, do you know this man?"

"I've seen him."

"Did you maliciously assault him?"

"I hit him."

"Did you use a dangerous weapon?"

"No, I had a club."

"Did you knock him down?"

"He fell."

"Did you hurt him?"

The prisoner smiled for the first time. "Ask him," he replied.

WHY CHICKS LEAVE THEIR EGGS

DO you know why chickens come out of eggs?" asks a well-informed small boy in *Punch* of his companion. "Well, I'll tell you. It's because they're afraid they'll be boiled if they don't."

All Day Long



Children love these fairy grains

CRISP and toasty grains of wheat, puffed to eight times their normal size, with the flavor of nutmeats and the goodness of a sweetmeat.

Serve at breakfast with cream, milk or half and half — and at bedtime to supply nutrition as little bodies sleep.

Mix with melted butter to replace sweets between meals. Try, too, as a garnishment with ice cream. Each new way is a new delight.

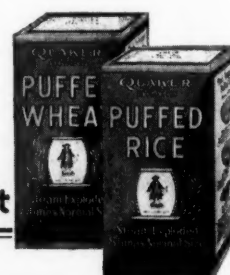
For here is food that children need, and grown-ups too, in a rare and enticing form. Served in these ways it supplies the calcium. Also the needed bran. And the vitamins, all three. Today ask your grocer for Quaker Puffed Wheat.

Puffed Rice, too

Rice, steam exploded like the Puffed Wheat, with every food cell broken to make digestion easy. Light as the air, gay as the morning. The daintiest of all breakfast dishes.

Professor Anderson's invention

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are the famous invention of Professor Anderson, formerly of Columbia University. Food shot from guns, grain foods thoroughly cooked.



Quaker
Puffed Wheat

Quaker
Puffed Rice

THE YOUTH'S



COMPANION

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE

IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY IN THE YEAR

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$2.50 TEN CENTS A COPY



A PAIR OF SKIS

By R.D. Galt

DRAWINGS BY
RODNEY THOMSON

gilt paint. Her blue apron had splotches of it down the front. She wrinkled her nose at the signs of her amateurishness, then sat down, balanced the slender piece of wood on her updrawn knees and continued her work. One long, slender piece of polished wood already stood behind the stove. Across the curved point was printed in tiny gilt letters "Comet." Astrid was just applying the final s of "Cometess" on its mate. Wilbur Biddle was coming that evening to go skiing over the hard, wind-packed snow. If the sky remained cloudless, it would be a moonlit night.

Skiing was the one joy that Astrid got out of winter in the isolated foothills. Her father had taught her the

He shook his head. "Not now. I'll be back later. I'm going down to the river. I thought I'd bring the lariat rope your father ordered. Ed Spesok brought it out from town this morning."

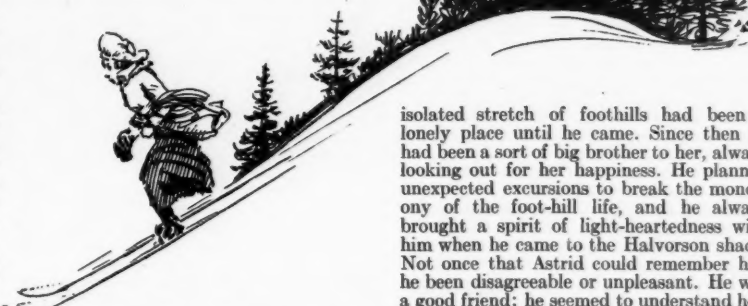
He slipped his arm out of the coiled rope and handed it to her. Astrid took it, but she remained in the doorway. "Father is gone. Jeanie Mack had a bad night. They sent for mother. Father took her over. I've been alone all the morning. Won't you come in and warm your feet?"

Wilbur again shook his head. "I can't," he explained, smiling at the flushed face of the girl. "I'm late now. I've got to take a run over my trap line. And I'm figuring on crossing the river to make some additional sets. The Yellow Rock is frozen now, and I want to pick my sets before Charley Pierre gets ahead of me."

"It's a little early for crossing the river, isn't it?" inquired the girl, and her face

As she went back into the warm room admiration and anxiety struggled within her.

She dropped the coil of rope on the kitchen table and put away the gilt and the camel-hair brush. Next she carefully inspected the Comet and the Cometess. Then she tucked



isolated stretch of foothills had been a lonely place until he came. Since then he had been a sort of big brother to her, always looking out for her happiness. He planned unexpected excursions to break the monotony of the foot-hill life, and he always brought a spirit of light-heartedness with him when he came to the Halvorson shack. Not once that Astrid could remember had he been disagreeable or unpleasant. He was a good friend; he seemed to understand her, and she him. That is why his plan to cross the Yellow Rock filled her with growing uneasiness.

Her attitude grew tense as she gazed past Wilbur, now a mere moving speck; to the river; there were no trees on the nearer bank; the bluffs ended right at the edge, but on the far side many cottonwoods were growing. The thin sheet of ice that confined the sluggish movement of the water glistened dully in the sunlight. Her eyes refused to leave off studying it. That coating of ice seemed to her merely another evidence of the treachery of the Yellow Rock. The ice appeared firm enough, but she knew that it could not be safe. Something warned her that the river had never been more deceitful than it was on that December afternoon. She wished that she had not let Wilbur go.

Suddenly she turned and snatched a belted coat from a near-by chair. In a second she was buttoning it round her. Again she went back to the window. Wilbur was almost at the bank. She ran for a white tam-o'-shanter that was hanging on a hook in her bedroom. When she came back to the kitchen the tam was lopped over one ear, and she was pulling wide-gauntleted white wool gloves over her hands.

A second time she rushed to the curtained

suddenly lost its happy flush. "This is the first cold spell, you know."

"I know," he replied quickly, "and I've got to take advantage of it."

Charley Pierre got ahead of me last year because I waited. Charley never had any trouble crossing the Yellow Rock in December. I'm just as able as he is."

Astrid was silent; for some vague reason she mistrusted the Yellow Rock. Its muddy swirling water filled her with strange apprehension. It seemed treacherous. On the surface it was much like other rivers, but there were under currents that caused the lazy swirling. She had heard tales too of how deceitful the sluggish appearance of the water was.

"The Yellow Rock—I hate it!" she burst out. "It isn't safe. It's tricky. Wait a day or two. Two nights of freezing weather can make a lot of difference."

Wilbur laughed. "And two nights of freezing weather can give courage to a dozen trappers," he said.

"But you don't know the Yellow Rock as I do. I've lived right here in sight of it for six years. I know. It isn't safe to cross on the ice now."

Astrid eyed his bulky form. Wrapped up and weighted down as he was, what could he do against the icy currents of the Yellow Rock?

"It can't be much more than rubber ice near the middle of the stream," she added. "It's dangerous. Stay here."

Wilbur laid his hand on the knob of the shed door. "If I stay here much longer, you'll be bribing me," he said, laughing. "I'm not afraid. Don't worry about me. I'll get along all right. And it's going to be a great night for shooting down Ski Hill; don't forget that."

He smiled at the seriousness of her face as he pulled open the door.

Astrid said nothing more until he had stepped out. Then she rushed to the outside door.

"Thanks for bringing the rope," she called after him. "Father's preparing for spring already; he's making lariats. And be careful!"

Astrid could not help smiling at the carefree chuckle that escaped Wilbur's lips. He was big and strong and above all fearless. She liked him for that. Nothing seemed to daunt him. He always faced every difficulty with a smile.

art, which had seemed to come to her naturally. She went everywhere on the two slender pieces of wood, and she never crossed her skis or took tumbles going downhill, as Wilbur sometimes did. She had varnished the skis the night before; painting the names on them had been an afterthought, something to keep her hands busy during the long, winter day. She had been alone since early morning.

Astrid got up when the Cometess was ready and, standing beside the Comet behind the ruddy stove, backed away to survey her work. She still held the camel-hair brush pinched between her right thumb and forefinger. Her cheeks were flushed. A happy sparkle came to her eyes—eyes that were the color of flax blossoms. And her hair, which was like the fibers of flax stalks, hung about her face in unruly wisps; she had been so much interested in her painting that she had shoved it unthinkingly this side and that with the back of her hand until it had escaped the pins. She was aglow with anticipation of the evening when she should send the glistening skis skimming across the hard snow.

A moment later, hearing booted feet in the shed, she turned to the door. Flinging it open, she stared into the ruddy-cheeked face of a panting youth. "Wilbur!" she gasped. "I didn't expect you. Come in."

Wilbur Biddle made no move to enter. He was clothed warmly against the crisp December cold; his body was wrapped in a sheep-lined coat with a fur collar, and a wool cap fitted close about his head. He carried a coil of new rope, looped over one arm and he had a rifle tucked beneath the other. Two wide leather straps bit into the thickness of his coat, one round his waist, the other across one shoulder and his chest. Astrid saw a small axe hanging from the waist strap, and when he turned to close the door of the shed she caught a glimpse of steel traps attached to the shoulder strap.

"You're coming in, aren't you?" she asked, holding wide the kitchen door.

She sat up dizzily, wondering what was tugging at her arm



window. Only a short hundred yards separated the youth from the Yellow Rock. For an instant she stood watching. What would he think of her if she ran wildly down the slope, shouting his name? He already knew what she thought about his crossing the river. He had laughed at her objections. If she should burst from the shack now, crying out like a celebrating cowboy, would he not think her foolish? Would he not think that she was too much interested in his affairs?

Astrid bit her lips. She stayed at the window, but she did not remove her wraps. Her gaze was riveted on the figure of the youth now perched on the very bank of the Yellow Rock. She forgot everything except the expanse of dull ice and the youth who was about to trust his weight to its uncertain strength. Her gloved hands tightened on the scrim curtain.

Wilbur stepped out upon the ice. He made no attempt to search for the best place to cross, but moved straight ahead for the opposite shore. Astrid's breath grew shorter and shorter as she watched him stride confidently toward midstream. His body seemed bulkier against the dull glitter of the ice; the pack of steel traps looked heavier. Still he went on, moving swiftly, fearlessly, toward the cottonwoods. To her it seemed as if the width of the Yellow Rock were endless; he was moving swiftly, yet the distance to the opposite shore did not shorten appreciably. Midstream was still before him.

Astrid held her breath as he neared the dangerous area. She seemed to know what was going to happen. She thought of the helplessly bundled body of the youth; the weight of the steel traps and the heavy coat would not matter so much if both had not been strapped on with wide, strong straps. It would be next to impossible for him to get rid of either. And thus encumbered, what chance would he have against the deep, icy current?

As she watched the young man drew farther and farther away from the security of the strong ice along the shore. Each step he took the ice grew thinner, more perilous. The next instant, she saw him try to scramble back to safety. Then he sank out of sight.

Astrid turned toward the cozy interior of the kitchen, horrified at what she had seen. Wilbur Biddle drowning! Clenching her gloved hands, she cast a despairing glance round the room. She spied first the glistening skis propped against the kitchen wall and next the coil of new rope. Her ideas took shape. She tore open the door of a wall cupboard and from amid an array of pans and kettles seized an old-fashioned flatiron with a solid handle. To the handle she tied one end of the coiled rope and, slipping her left arm through the coil, grasped the flatiron in her left hand. Then, gathering the skis under her right arm, she dashed outside.

A hundred feet from the Halvorson shack the bluff dropped away sharply. She ran to the spot and threw the skis on the snow. In a flash she had slipped her feet into the straps and was ready to take the stride or two necessary to place her on the brink of the first abrupt pitch. When she had reached the starting point she pointed the skis in parallel courses toward the break in the river ice. Then she shifted the flatiron to her right hand and, still keeping the coil of rope about her left arm, grasped the loose end of the rope in her left. In a second she was skimming over the snow, which hissed under the slender skis.

Astrid had never before tried her skill on the half-mile slope to the river, for there was no stopping place at the bottom. Her face was set and hard. Her eyes, which had been filled with dismay a few seconds before, now shone with determination. She balanced her strong body to the downward sweep of the skis, crouching a trifle with head and shoulders ready for any unexpected dips in the hillside. Now that she had pointed the skis in the course they were to take she had little control over them; she could only meet the obstacles as they loomed ahead. Fortunately the deep layer of snow covered most of the rocks; she had nothing to fear from them.

Moreover, the very speed with which she was now skimming the hillside helped her to meet its irregularities.

The wind stung her face and whipped aside the corners of her coat. It shot through the baggy part of her tam. The hiss of her skis on the snow grew softer as she gained momentum. At places in her mad flight she seemed to leave the ground.

Astrid was not afraid. The lightning-like motion of the slender skis did not daunt her. She kept her body poised and her feet pointed at the correct distance from each other. She did not worry about getting her skis crossed and taking the terrific fall that would be the result of such carelessness. Keeping her eyes intently on the course, she was always ready for the short, abrupt descents. But she had no time to gaze ahead at the object of her downward swoop.

In less than a minute she had swept three quarters of the way down the hillside. The skis were carrying her faster and faster toward the expanse of dull ice. She wondered whether the thin ice at midstream would hold her. As she looked ahead and saw the break where Wilbur was making a last desperate attempt to escape the freezing water she was afraid. Perhaps the weight of her body on the thin ice would be too great. Perhaps she too would crash into the muddy water. She had depended on speed to carry her across the dangerous area. She had reasoned that the momentum gained in shooting down the bluff would carry her over the ice almost without her touching it. Now, she thought the skis were holding back, that they were not skimming along as they had skimmed an instant before. What was wrong?

She was headed almost directly at the hole in the ice where Wilbur was floundering and each second growing more numb from the icy water. If he did not break off more of the fragile layer on the side toward which she was headed, she could edge by. The skis struck the last of the sloping hillside, shot over it and, like a wild duck gliding into water, dropped upon the smooth ice. Astrid did not realize until then how fast the skis were rushing her toward her destination. She had scarcely time to glance down at the coil of rope before Comet and Cometess had sent up a fine spray from the water-splashed ice bordering the hole.

"Here!" she cried with all the strength of her voice and as she shot by drew back her hand and tossed the flatiron. Holding fast to the rope, she shot forward. She passed midstream and found herself speeding madly toward a new peril. She had never considered how she should stop; her chief idea had been to reach Wilbur in time. The cottonwoods rose before her. She clung to the rope and waited.

Then the flashing skis left the Yellow Rock and struck. The sound of splintering wood rose on the crisp air, and Astrid, recoiling from the bole of a cottonwood, lay limp and unconscious.

The snow against her cheek and forehead soon revived her. She sat up dizzily, wondering what was tugging at her arm. Her brain cleared quickly. Twisted round her huddled body was her father's new rope. She looked up. Wilbur had already pulled himself from the icy water. Still clutching the rope, he was crawling on hands and knees toward the strip of shore.

Astrid, forgetting the bruise on her forehead, sprang up and ran toward him. She got him to his feet and supported him until they reached the cottonwoods.

"We'll go to Monty Mawson's," she said. "Quick! You mustn't stop."

Wilbur stared at her bleeding forehead. "Astrid," he said, smiling weakly, "I saw you coming—and fought! You're—you're an angel!"

Astrid's eyes glowed as she locked her fingers round his arm and started with him upstream toward Monty Mawson's cabin. When Monty's door finally closed on Wilbur she smiled. Her head no longer troubled her. Because she had known how to use a pair of skis, she had saved a life—the life of Wilbur Biddle, a good friend, a good companion.

THE WINGFIELD PAGEANT

By Ralph D. Paine



Chapter Ten A phantom ship

HERE seemed indeed no hope of saving the Wingfield pageant from a disastrous and humiliating finish. Upon the grassy stage the townspeople of the Revolution, all unaware that the gundelow had gone to the port of missing ships, were flocking to welcome the safe return of their valiant husbands, sweethearts and fathers. The nerves of Hamilton Bruce had not recovered from the impromptu turmoil of the Indian fight; he was easily startled. When the fatal message came from Joe Runnels the haggard author leaned against a tree and groaned. He could not improvise an incident to retrieve the situation. There was nothing to do except pick up his megaphone and dismiss the expectant crowd.

Just then he saw the thousands of people on the slope come surging to their feet as if stirred by some sudden and astonishing excitement. They were gazing down the river. The murmur of their voices was like the sound of surf. Joe Runnels ran back to his post on the hill behind them. There he commanded an unobstructed view of the river for a mile or more. He rubbed his eyes, and his knees shook. Was he seeing phantoms? No, all these other folks were seeing what he saw.

He caught up his discarded signal flags and waved them frantically; he was trying to tell Hamilton Bruce to make the players stay on the stage. On their side of the river they were as yet unable to catch a glimpse of the wonderful apparition. Mr. Bruce had thrown his megaphone aside, however, for he was unable to make himself heard.

He saw Joe's flags and guessed their meaning. In some wholly mysterious manner the action was to proceed. He rushed Sidney Torr on the stage to tell the people to keep moving and not to let the scene go to pieces. They obeyed with admirable steadiness, and in a few minutes more they beheld the square topsails of a ship lift beyond the dark woodland of Nigger Point. Slowly she veered to follow the channel and stood revealed in the wider stretch of shining water. The clumsy rig and belying canvas, the tall foremast house and poop and the guns poking their muzzles through the heavy bulwarks identified her as a merchant vessel of a hundred and fifty years ago. With a fresh easterly breeze to shove her along the clumsy bows flung aside snowy furrows of foam.

At a bend of the channel she turned to show her side, a curving sheer, a bowsprit steved high in air, a checkered row of gun ports painted white. Even to the eye of a landlubber this stout brig had sailed out of the misty, adventurous past. Of all those who stared at her with profound wonder few had ever seen a square-rigged vessel of any kind. Now they could see the sailors as they ran to and fro, hauling at the sheets and braces. Several of them swarmed aloft and lay out on the topgallant yards to begin to take in sail.

From what strange harbor had this brig of a vanished century sailed? She was like the fabric of a dream. These modern witnesses were in the mood to dream, to let the past come true. Old Wingfield had woven a spell about them. They found themselves inventing one fancy after another like children telling tales. Had the good ship come from England with friends and kinfolk on board, or had she escaped the perils of the dreadful pirates of the Spanish Main?

The quick imagination of Sidney Torr was equal to the occasion. The miracle could explain itself later. Flitting from one group of players to another, he inspired them with his own enthusiasm. They had gathered to greet the arrival of this ship, said he, and the sailors and the lasses would trip it heel and toe. It was a gala day because old Wingfield had not seen a vessel from foreign parts in many a moon. Frank Creecy tuned his fiddle and sent a boy to find the students who played the horn and the bass viol in the college orchestra. Conky Ryder offered to set fire to the rest of the log buildings by way of festivity, but was sternly suppressed.

The quaint, sea-worn brig laid her main topsail aback and came to rest a few hundred yards below the landing. The anchor splashed, and the hempen cable slid through the hawse hole until the clanking windlass hove it short. A brass gun mounted as a bow chaser puffed a white ball of smoke. The hills echoed the deep boom of the report. The waiting townspeople acknowledged the salute with a round of cheers.

The sailors were seen to be true tarpaulins of the old breed, with tarry pigtailed, round glazed hats, bronzed faces, flowing kerchiefs and wide-bottomed trousers. While they were furling sails they began to sing in chorus a forgotten old chantey of the deep-sea trade. Strong and deep it rolled to the river landing:

"I wish I was old Stormy's son;
To my way you storm along.
I'd build a ship of a thousand ton,
Ay, ay, ay, Mister Storm-along."

It was a swinging refrain and easy to pick up. At the river bank Frank Creecy flourished his fiddle for attention. His flock of companions took the cue. The sailors on the yards of the brig rolled out the first line of the next verse:

"I'd fill her with New England rum."

And old Wingfield joined the rousing refrain of:

"To my way you storm along."

The next line ran:

"And all my shellbacks, they'd have some."

And the people on the shore carried the chorus:

"Ay, ay, ay, Mister Storm-along."

Presently the brig lowered a yawl. Four smart seamen sat upon the thwarts. The skipper went over the side and took his seat in the stern. He was an elderly man, straight and sinewy and white-bearded. His wig was tied with a bow of black ribbon. The three-cornered hat had a shining buckle on it. The handsome blue coat with the full skirts was adorned with rows of gilt buttons. The knee breeches and white stockings were spick and span. He was a fine old dandy of a Colonial master mariner. Evidently the trading ventures of the brig had prospered.

Now resounded such a clamor of cheering on the river landing as never could have been rehearsed. It was in truth a welcome home to a friend and neighbor. Men and women were cracking their voices in the spontaneous outburst of:

"Hurrah for Cap'n John Crommett! Glad to see you again, Cap'n John."

They pressed round him to shake his hand and clap him on the back. That stentorian voice of his, which had been trained to shout against a gale of wind, was clearly heard across the river as he replied:

"Thirty-one days out from London in the



brig Betsy Crommett, good friends, and a fast westerly passage for this time of year. The King and the Parliament are much disturbed by the sedition in the Colonies. I told the blighted Britishers they'd be vexed a blamed sight worse before we finished with 'em."

More cheers! The people formed a lane through which Captain Crommett advanced to the gate in the picket fence of his own front yard. He bade them enter, and it was a pretty sight to see them in their varicolored costumes of the period, clustered among his beds of bright spring flowers. The door opened, and out came a dignified dame in a gown of silk that had reposed in a cedar chest for a hundred years. Captain Crommett clasped her to his manly breast and thundered:

"My precious Betsy! Your John has come safe from another voyage."

By that time Mr. Hamilton Bruce was not sure which century he was living in. Of one thing, however, he felt quite certain in his own mind; the pageant had taken itself out of his hands and could be left to go its own gait. He managed to slip into the back of the Crommett house for a word with the prodigious mariner. The captain begged his Betsy to excuse him and retired into the hall.

"Told you I'd be back on the day of the pageant, Mr. Bruce!" he exclaimed, beaming with boyish delight. "I kept my word, didn't I? This was what I went away for. It didn't seem complete without the old seafarin' days of Wingfield in it. I wasn't quite satisfied."

"You saved the day, Cap'n John," gratefully answered the author. "I want to tell you that the episodes of the Revolution have gone to pot. The gundelow sank in the cove. If you and your sailors can think of any more stunts—the crowd is simply enraptured!"

"Get the dummy cannon that were loaded on the gundelow," said the quick-witted Captain John. "We'll hoist 'em aboard the brig for deck guns—and the kegs of powder. War with England is comin', and we'll fit the Betsy Crommett out as a Yankee privateer."

"Can you put the brig alongside the old bulkhead at the landing?" was the doubtful query.

"You bet, Mr. Bruce. We'll show 'em some old-fashioned seamanship."

It was a sight to linger in memory when the brig's yawl towed the big ship's head round until she made sail enough to waft gently toward the rotting timbers at the edge of the channel. With two men at the steering tackles Captain John stood upon the poop and coaxed the vessel into her berth with a masterly skill almost never displayed in this age of steam. Presently she was moored stern and bow. Then her twenty seamen scrambled ashore. They had to have a frolic before turning to again.

They were fine, decent lads, Captain John confidentially explained to the players, some of them mates and masters. He had borrowed them from big schooners in the coastwise trade in which he owned shares. And you could not blame the fine lads if they found blushing sweethearts to greet with a kiss and to stroll away with arm in arm. It was all in the play. The trill of the boatswain's pipe recalled them to duty. Down a lane came the great oxen drawing the cannons that were to be added to the battery of the Betsy Crommett.

While the extra guns were being slung aboard Captain John paraded the green with the drummer at his heels. The townsfolk streamed after him. He was urging recruits to sign articles for a privateering cruise in the staunch and able brig Betsy Crommett. A score of stout fellows of Wingfield stepped up. Having delivered his sonorous proclamation, Captain John returned to the brig. He invited all his friends aboard for a dance on deck. Frank Creecy had his musicians ready. The fun was fast and furious—Virginia reels, quadrilles and a sailor's hornpipe done with all the fancy frills by Captain John! Then they sang more old sea songs, led by the mate of the brig, who had a wonderfully fine baritone voice. At last Captain John scribbled this note and sent it ashore to Hamilton Bruce:

"How long must we keep this up? The hill is still black with people, and they show no intention of going home. I don't know how to wind up the show. Can't you tell us



"Hurrah for Cap'n John Crommett!"

DRAWN BY A. O. SCOTT

how to quit? It won't look right for us all to walk off and abandon ship. I could put everybody below and then scuttle her, but they might object."

The author scratched his head and admitted himself baffled. He could understand that Captain Crommett's nautical sense of the fitness of things forbade him to leave the brig deserted. But how else could the stage be cleared to indicate that the Wingfield pageant was finished? Mr. Bruce sent back word that he could suggest no other scheme; he had become merely an interested bystander.

Captain John was seen to wet a finger and hold it in the dying breeze. There was a stir of air from the westward. It breathed and died and then freshened. If the change of wind would hold to draw down the river even for an hour or so—He stepped to the side of the brig. The tide was ebbing strongly. He could risk the chance. If the wind failed, he could use his boats to tow the brig below Nigger Point.

He escorted his dear wife Betsy to the gate and bade her a tender farewell. His country called. The brig must hasten to sea, now that he had the guns and men to harry the British flag. Ah, but there were moving scenes of separation on deck and ashore when the skipper gave the orders to sheet home the topsails and haul the jib to windward!

Wingfield mothers clung to their stalwart boys who had signed on to go a-privateering. Bold sailors tore themselves from girls who swore to be faithful and true. It was not quite so tragic as it looked, for one of the strapping seamen whispered to his love:

"You'll be sure to come to the costume party at the town hall tonight. It's for everybody in the pageant. Then we can be properly introduced."

The brig floated away from the bulkhead and felt the impulse of the tide. Swiftly the canvas was set, sail upon sail, until she was a thing of gracious and serene beauty. The sun gilded the square windows in her high and ornate stern. She was the embodiment of the eternal romance of the sea. Her pig-tailed seamen leaned on the bulwarks between the guns and gazed back at the town and the girls they were leaving behind them. Capt. John Crommett paced the poop with a long, brass spyglass under his arm.

Then these wanderers of the sea began to sing, with the mate to lead them. The distance softened and lent to it a haunting quality of pathos.

"Was I waking, was I sleeping, did the wet wind go

Thrumming in the slender tops of ships I used to know,

With the deep-sea glory on them all against a sunset sky,

On the tide o' dreams a-sailing out of years gone by?"

The brig caught a slant of breeze that filled the rounded canvas. The ripples widened in her wake. The singing seamen could hardly be heard. Faintly came the words:

"A-sailing out of years gone by."

The player folk of Wingfield stood here and there upon the green stage to watch the brig pass beyond the bend of the river. Frank Creecy drew the bow across his fiddle. All together they began to sing Auld Lang Syne. Shadows of the late afternoon were stealing across the river landing. The top-sails of the Betsy Crommett gleamed beyond the wooded point. In little groups the people drifted from the stage by this leafy path or that. They were going home. That is how the pageant ended. There could have been no better way.

They met again in the town hall that night, a riotous carnival of painted Indians and sober Puritans, squires and dames of the Revolution, brisk seamen from the brig. David Torr in his shining breastplate danced with Mistress Betsy Crommett. By popular acclaim Frank Creecy was compelled to lead the orchestra. Conky Ryder and his Indians ran crouching round a post and patted the floor, emitting shrill yips until the small boys in the gallery felt the cold prickles run up and down their spines and were timid about going home alone; they could shut their eyes and see that Indian battle!

Capt. John Crommett was surrounded by an admiring audience. Several friends poked him to see whether he was in the spirit or in the flesh. The skipper of a phantom ship was open to doubt in that respect. Yes, he was the master of the privateer brig Betsy Crommett, he solemnly assured them, and their dates were mixed. This was the year 1775, and the sight of an automobile had frightened him out of his wits. He should feel much safer at sea again.

Later in the evening he found Hamilton Bruce tucked in a quiet corner. He held a weary ten-year-old twin upon each knee. They had insisted upon joining the revel with their fellow Indians of the warpath. Mrs. Bruce was dancing a country dance with Sidney Torr; she appeared radiantly happy. Her author was a good deal of a wreck, but with care he could be led back to the typewriter and his unfinished book.

"They all say it has been the biggest day within the memory of livin' man," exclaimed Captain Crommett. "Even if I hadn't fetched the brig up river, that Indian ruckus

was enough to send all hands home happy."

"It was you that made it the end of a perfect day," said Hamilton Bruce, smiling. "But I am still in a trance. How in the world did you manage to do it, Captain Crommett?"

"Found an old coastin' schooner laid up at Bath. Had her hauled out on a marine railway that I'm interested in. Work was slack, and I put all the men on her that could find room to slap on paint or saw boards. She had to be rigged as a brig, and I bossed the job myself. There was old canvas enough in the sail lofts. Then I had to drill a crew that didn't know a clew garnet from a weather earring. But Cap'n John Crommett used to have a reputation for jammin' things through, blow high, blow low."

"But you took a long chance on sailing up at just the right time, Cap'n John," said Hamilton Bruce.

"That was my risk. It's a poor sailor that won't gamble on the weather. I had a launch ready to tow as far as Nigger Point, and then I figgered on manning my own boats if the wind didn't serve. Of course I had no idea of interferin' with your regular show. The Betsy Crommett was to be an extry feature of the bill."

"Heaven bless you, it was in the nick of time!" devoutly declared the contented author.

Sidney Torr now joined them, a spruce young Colonial yeoman in a plum-colored coat. He was fairly tottering from fatigue and too much excitement, but his artistic "temperment" had expressed itself, and old Wingfield had covered itself with glory.

"Well, Mr. Bruce, it was worth waiting two hundred and fifty years for," said he. "I wish the professional pageant woman from Boston, Miss Isabelle Hanson, had been here to see it. I'll bet she would have learned something."

"She was, and she did," replied the author, chuckling. "She congratulated me after the show. With much feeling she declared that she had never seen a pageant like it. It ought to have been covered by fire and life insurance both!"

Joe Rannels found a chair beside them. He was sturdy and calm as usual. "Well, Sid, old man, you sure did start something that time, even if Cap'n John Crommett had to finish it. I suppose, though, it wasn't your fault that the bottom dropped out of the gundelow. The best thing about it is that I won't have to lick Conky Ryder every time you get fresh with him. This has made a good Indian of him."

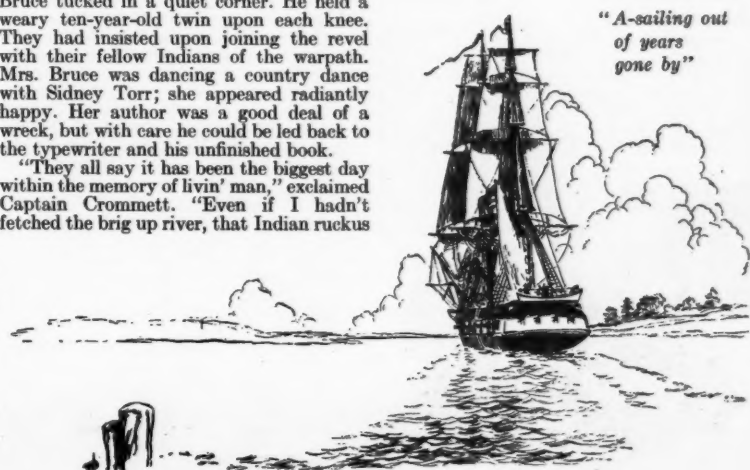
There was one result of the pageant even better than that. David Torr came up to them and laid a hand upon his son's shoulder.

His strong, ruddy features expressed affectionate contrition.

"It seems to be the general opinion," he exclaimed, "that I was wrong, and you were right, my boy, from beginning to end. I always did say that what counted was results, and results you and the pageant certainly have accomplished."

At that moment the Indians, who had gathered in one corner of the floor, erupted in a succession of ear-splitting war whoops, which were followed by the long cheer of Wingfield College for Hamilton Bruce and Sidney Torr.

The taut seamen from the Betsy Crommett mustered in another group, and the



hall was quiet while they sang one old sea song after another. Finally the baritone voice of the mate was heard alone:

"There were faces long forgotten, friends both false and true,
I sailed with once and lost again the way

that sailors do.
There were folks I loved and lost with smiling faces all a-shine

Came and walked a while beside me with a hand in mine."
THE END.

MUSIC AS A CAREER *By* Thomas Whitney Surette



AN American boy or girl find in the profession of music a satisfactory career? What native endowment is necessary? What kind of studies should be made and how long should they last? How would a career in music compare with one in business? What would be the material reward? Would the reward in happiness be great enough to counterbalance any lack in material compensation?

One answer to the first question is that a large number of intelligent young men and women have already found in music a satisfactory career. They are teachers of music. They are receiving for their work an adequate compensation, and they are finding in it a means of satisfaction and happiness. Music teaching in general during the last ten years has become more satisfactory because it is no longer merely a haphazard employment entered into by any casual person with no equipment except a moderate capacity to play the piano or to sing. Good schools of music have helped to bring this about. Intelligence about music and interest in it among the general public are largely increased. Fine performances by professional musicians are abundant in all large cities. Schools, both public and private, now include music as one of the required subjects. Colleges offer courses in both practical and theoretical music. Expert teachers are to be found. We need no longer look to Europe for our instruction. Our dozen or more great symphony orchestras, not to mention hundreds of others not so expert, have raised the taste of our public.



NECESSARY ENDOWMENTS

But above all the musician is now respected as a member, and not an unimportant member, of society. Even young men in college now

show a real interest in the art; witness the Harvard Glee Club with its three hundred members, fired with enthusiasm by Dr. Davison and singing the finest music with the highest skill. (This is the most conclusive evidence now at hand to prove what our capabilities really are.) Any career should be satisfactory to a young man or woman which offers him or her an opportunity to take an important part in the life of a community, which allows considerable leisure and therefore opportunity for further study, which pays a sufficient wage and in which there is an opportunity for self expression and growth. Not every career offers all these things. Yes, this question can be answered decidedly in the affirmative.

But I said music offered "an opportunity." It does not by any means offer a certainty; nothing does that except life itself, and the only certainty about life is death. So we must discuss the necessary qualifications for a career in music. The next question is, therefore, "What native endowment is necessary?"

The first and most important endowment is a good ear for music. A defect here is bound to interfere with progress in any direction. By "a good ear" I mean capacity to sing with taste and understanding folk songs and the simpler songs of Schubert, Schumann and Franz; I do not necessarily

mean with an exceptionally good voice. You need as well a vivid and accurate sense of rhythm. If you are to be a public singer, some personality is essential, as is also some dramatic sense. If you are to play an instrument, you must have good physical control and coordination of hand and eye.

If you intend to be a teacher of music, you must have in addition to the qualifications just named some others almost, or possibly even more, important. These qualifications are: patience, persistence, some curiosity, a great deal of sympathy and an honesty of belief in what you are doing. Without patience your very first music lesson will be a failure; without persistence your second will be; without curiosity you will never achieve that which your mind is capable of achieving; without sympathy you will get none in return, and the music you or your pupils make will hardly be music at all; without honesty of belief in any work the workman is unworthy of his craft.

Those qualities are seldom thought of as essential to a teacher of music and are often entirely neglected. Of what use that you play the piano or sing well if in teaching others you fail in those qualities? It is so with all forms of teaching. No teacher can teach well without patience, persistence, curiosity and sympathy. The music itself would rebuke you if you lacked them, for patience and persistence of an almost infinite sort went into it, curiosity stimulated it, and it is the very soul of sympathy.

But must these be native endowments? That is, must you be born with them? Well, in the first place I am sure some philosophers would tell you that a good many of the fine qualities human beings possess are to some extent at least the result of training given in early years and of a development of character through continuous training as well as through environment. In the second place, the development of these qualities in his pupils is a part of every teacher's duty, so that, if you are well taught, they will be cultivated in you. These endowments, however, will not in themselves carry you very far. Continuous hard study is necessary.

So we come to my next question: In what should that study consist and how long should it last? This depends on what your early training has been. Let us suppose that on graduating from a high school (1) you are able to sing with a clear voice, good diction and intelligence a part, soprano, alto, tenor or bass, in a part song, glee, madrigal or a larger form of choral music; (2) you are able to read your part fairly well, not necessarily the first time but the second or third, provided the music is not of extreme difficulty; (3) you know elementary theory; that is, keys, signatures, scales, the simpler chords and the terms used to indicate tempo, and so on; (4) if you are to make a career of playing an instrument, you have already had several years' instruction and have attained enough proficiency to play the simpler pieces of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven and Schumann; (5) you have learned to prefer good music to poor music—in other words your taste has been preserved and cultivated; (6) you have learned what form in music is by listening carefully to compositions of the great masters, by observing how the music is put together, in what its coherence consists, and so on; in short, that you have become a good listener not only to the music you hear played or sung by others but to that which you make yourself. This study is commonly called "appreciation" and in recent years has become an important part of music study in schools. By means of it your memory for phrases and themes is trained, your sense of harmony and of contrapuntal devices becomes keen, and you are finally able to "make sense" of a long piece of music; that is, hear each part in relation to all the others and hear the whole composition as a unit.

Is this asking too much of you? Perhaps

it is. In that case you must set about making up for lost time. These qualifications are based on the curriculum in music of our public high schools in which all these subjects except instrumental playing are taught. And many of our high schools give credit to their pupils for lessons in playing taken outside the school, but subject to examination.

In the few years after graduating from high school all these qualifications and endowments must be steadily developed. You should, if possible, study what the French call "solfège." That would give you accuracy in pitch and rhythm and be of the greatest service to you whether as a pianist, violinist, singer or teacher.



A THOROUGH EDUCATION

You must now perfect yourself as far as possible in playing or singing, and you should get all this, if possible, at a fine school of music because there you would be thrown among other students of music. For during all the formative years it is necessary that you hear as much good music as possible. You cannot educate yourself thoroughly if you do not learn to know and love the symphonies of Beethoven, for example. If you cannot hear them played by an orchestra, you should procure an arrangement of them for piano solo or piano four hands and study them in that way.

Are you going to college? If so, you can choose a college where instruction with credit is given not only for theory but for instrumental and vocal music, or one where no credit is given for "applied" music and where, therefore, you must do your studying and practice outside the regular curriculum. It is certainly necessary for you to have a good general education, and, if you are not going to take a complete college course, you should nevertheless continue your education after graduating from high school.

But there is another method of procedure, and one I have often advised young musicians to take, and that is to enter college as a special student, take courses that will fit in with the career of music and carry on extensive music study at the same time. That course avoids what often happens to college students, the taking of courses not wholly necessary or even suitable in order to fill out a schedule or to conform to the requirements of a degree. There is, I think, some doubt whether four years in college with the necessary limitation of music study is entirely satisfactory to a young musician. It depends somewhat on where you live and in the possibilities of your situation. It depends too on how liberal is the attitude toward music of the college you might choose. The courses by means of which you can enlarge your horizon would be: (1) English literature with especial reference to poetry; (2) a modern language; (3) history of the development of music with especial reference to its relation to other forms of artistic expression; and (4) perhaps aesthetics. A good school of music is what you really need at this time.

It is even possible to get an education without going to college at all! But in that case you must show great initiative and great persistence; you must read constantly, and you must cultivate your memory; that is, you must acquire the faculty of remembering and digesting what you read. If you have difficulty with this, you should practice reading your book chapter by chapter and writing out in your own words the substance of it. But you must approach the task seriously, get all the help you can and work systematically. Education consists largely in contact with superior persons, either actually or through their writings.

How would a career in music compare with one in business? That depends chiefly on how much you care for music. If it is to

Mr. Surette is one of our best-known authorities on music. He has held important college and university positions both at home and abroad

you merely a stop-gap, if you take it up because it seems the easiest way, or because you have no great interest in anything else, music is likely to be drudgery to you. Sitting at a typewriter all day, or working at a card index, or carrying on a secretary's duties, will provide you with a regular salary and leave you more or less free to think about other things. When the clock strikes you are through for the day and can amuse yourself as you please. If you make a real success in business, you do find it interesting and profitable, but what is happening to you day by day? Unless you have strong tastes for fine things and enough persistence to pursue them in your leisure your mind is likely to become mechanical in its operations, your imagination refuses to exercise itself, and you yourself become a sort of machine.

You may not have realized it, but all great art rests in, springs from, a common consciousness in which you share, be your share ever so little. When you respond to a great book or to a great piece of music your share in it is made evident. A spark of the divine fire is in you; you have become a sharer in beauty. It is a rare kind of business, which in itself allows that spark to live or makes that share greater. If you possess a real love of music and have some faculty in expressing yourself through it,—the two things are not by any means always found together,—or if you have real talent for drawing, for writing, or for any other pursuit involving artistic expression,—that is, if your spark becomes a tiny flame,—and if with this you have persistence and patience, an artistic career is worth trying for. But do not let conceit or the praise of friends overpersuade you. Try to get impersonal advice and search yourself to see what you really are.

If you go into business and become rich, experience tells us that you will find the word "rich" meaning something different year by year. "Rich," in itself, means nothing, is merely a comparative term, or even a deceptive one meaning "poor." But if your riches consist in the symphonies of Beethoven or in the poems of Keats, they are really yours; no one can deprive you of them.

THE MATERIAL REWARD

Then the term "rich" means something. A man or woman pursuing a business career needs contact with fine things like music, literature and other forms of art to avoid becoming dulled by constant contact with things. So you see that you can't really compare two such different things as a career in business and a career in music.

What would be the material reward? I have already partly answered that question. I may add that for a corresponding ability and success the rewards in teaching music are equal to or higher than those in other forms of teaching. The private teacher who has demonstrated his or her ability and has obtained a large number of pupils earns a good income. It varies of course in different



localities. The school music teacher is now adequately paid.

Would the reward in happiness be great enough to counterbalance any lack in material compensation? That is the most important question of all, because in the first place there must be such a reward or you will be a failure, and in the second place a little happiness outweighs a great deal of money. And that is true in any other occupation. Happiness is so precious and so hard to get. I do not mean by happiness momentary pleasure; I mean something permanently satisfying. That you get partly through good craftsmanship,—that is, doing your job well,—partly from your own constant contact with beautiful music, but chiefly because you are continually sharing beauty with some one else; you are giving to other people insight into a great art. And, if by good fortune you teach children, you are like a bird feeding its young; their mouths

are wide open all the time. Not all musicians, performers or teachers do achieve this, because many of them allow themselves to become performing or teaching machines. They do not keep their souls alive. They become entirely immersed in technique. A dull routine of their own making overwhelms them.

But a teacher who works his or her mind outside music as well as in it, who reads good books, especially poetry, who interests himself or herself in what is going on in the world, who hears and studies as much new music as possible, who does not continually teach the same pieces in the same way, but is teaching better every day—such a teacher finds in the career of music a permanent and secure happiness of the deepest kind. And what is there in this world more precious to human beings than an occupation that in itself day by day is stimulating to the imagination and

the sense of beauty, that deals with an art a response to which lies in every human heart and soul, and that has from the earliest time been to human beings a solace and a delight? Not only that, but this happiness increases day by day with good work, with deeper knowledge of the art of music and with the wider influence of teacher on pupil.

I have devoted the greater part of this article to the teaching of music chiefly because there are never enough well-equipped music teachers, whereas there are a great many—too many—performers. In this country there are not only a great many famous players and singers but a multitude of less famous ones anxious to become famous but with almost no opportunities of realizing that ambition.

In a long experience with schools and colleges here and in England I have seen scores of young people try to succeed as performers and fail. They then drift into

teaching without adequate preparation for that particular task and with a sense of disillusionment that never quite leaves them.

My own experience in training teachers of music leads me to believe that the training should begin early and follow persistently one path.

Finally, and this is of the highest importance, I want to say as positively as possible that a teacher's success and happiness depend on his knowing, loving and using the best music. And by "the best" I mean folk music and the compositions of the great masters. There is not a stage in the process of teaching any form of music for which there is not an ample supply of the best. Even the beginnings of pianoforte and violin playing can now be carried on through such music. You can't call yourself a musician, nor can you train pupils to be musical, unless you follow this principle.

HIS PLACE ON THE TEAM *By George M. Johnson*



THROUGH the babble of excited talk in the crowded gymnasium sounded the shrill note of the referee's whistle calling the players to the floor. The second half of the basketball game between Hazelton High School and Middlebury Academy was about to begin. Jim Holloway, from his seat with the rest of the squad on the side line, had eyes only for the Hazelton centre, who was now filling the position that Jim himself had played during the opening half.

Again the whistle sounded, and the official tossed the ball up between the opposing centres. Bud Morton of the home team got the jump on his opponent, deftly tapped the ball to his right forward and cut ahead to the left. There followed a few seconds of brisk passing, and then Bud, who had shaken off his man, received the ball just below the basket and shot a neat goal. The gymnasium fairly trembled to the volume of applause. Then the Hazelton supporters barked forth the player's cheer in frenzied chorus:

"Y-e-a-h, Bud! Y-e-a-h, Morton! Yeah! Yeah! Bud Morton!"

"Bud's good," Jim mused grimly. "He's mighty good. He's a whirlwind—lots better than I am. There go my chances all right."

Jim Holloway's ambition had been to make a place on the Hazelton basketball team—a place, not as a substitute, but as a regular. For three years he had tried in vain, though each year he had done better. Now as a senior he seemed at last almost to have succeeded; but with success nearly within his grasp a formidable rival for his position had suddenly appeared in the person of Bud Morton, a newcomer who had entered the second-year class. From the start Bud had announced that he expected to play basketball.

Hazelton High was not unusually large, but for a number of years it had made an enviable record in basketball. The previous season the school had won the state championship and, owing largely to the exceptional coaching of the athletic director, Ralph Gregg, had been runner-up in a big intersectional tournament.

Under the tutelage of Gregg, who had early recognized Jim's possibilities, he had made splendid progress since he had first gone out as a candidate in his freshman year. Although he was not a brilliant player, owing to a slight lack of speed,—which, however, was to a large measure offset by his steadiness and general dependability,—he never lost his head and never failed in an emergency. He knew basketball from start to finish. Fred Winchell, star centre of the previous two years, had graduated, leaving Jim as his logical successor in the pivot position; that is, until the unexpected arrival of Bud Morton. And Bud, a flashy, clever player who covered ground like a tornado and shot goals with deadly accuracy, seemed likely to sweep all before him.

So Jim brooded on the side line, watching while Bud proceeded to show his ability. Jim was true sportsman enough to applaud his rival generously, but at the same time bitterness welled up in his heart. "I haven't a right to kick," he said to himself at last. "The best man ought to make the team."

Hazelton won the game by a one-sided

score, piling up twice as many points during the second half as in the first; a majority of those points were scored by Bud Morton, who received an ovation at the end.

From then on Gregg played his two centres alternately in the halves of the preliminary games on the schedule. It appeared that he was trying the two out, balancing their comparative values; he gave as much attention to one as to the other and showed no preference. The school as a whole, however, hailed Morton as the star, which was only natural, for his spectacular style appealed much more to onlookers than Jim's conservative playing. And Jim felt that when the crucial contests came, especially the series with Winchester High School, the strongest rival of Hazelton for state honors, Bud Morton would be the final choice. As in previous years Jim would probably find himself on the side line, perhaps going in for a few minutes to finish a game already won.

The basketball season advanced; Hazelton won game after game and at no time was sorely pressed. Then rumors began to float round the school. Bud Morton was falling behind in his studies. It was said that he had received an official warning from the faculty. Later the rumor grew until Bud was said to be on the brink of disqualification.

"Nothing to it, fellows," Bud informed his admirers. "I'm still safe. They won't put me on the black list. I'll be needed in the big tournament after we've cleaned up the state."

One day after practice Gregg gave the squad a serious talk on the question of scholarship. "Keep your record clean," he concluded. "You're not giving me or the school a square deal if the faculty have to rule you off. Hazelton expects its team to come through with a double championship this year. Do your part."

A week later the monthly reports came out, and Bud's foolish confidence received a jolt. He was down in two subjects, geometry and English; in geometry his grade was far below passing. It was merely a question of hours before the official axe would remove Bud from the basketball squad, and when the blow finally fell he proved to be the only player declared ineligible.

Jim Holloway's first feeling was one of satisfaction. The summary removal of his rival left the field clear to him. Bud's sole chance of reinstatement lay in pulling his grades up in the midyear examinations, and Jim felt sure that the chances of his succeeding were remote. It seemed to Jim that at last Fate was smiling on him.

In the game of the following Friday evening he played through both halves, the first time he had been allowed to do so since the advent of Bud Morton. The team ran up a good score against fierce opposition, but the Hazelton rooters missed Morton.

After the game Jim chanced to overhear a conversation between a couple of Hazelton graduates who were lingering outside the hall. "We've got a crack team this year," one of them was saying. "Looks good for the state championship again and perhaps even more."

"Right," the other agreed, "but it's too bad young Morton is out. With him the team is practically unbeatable."

"Holloway's coming along finely," put in the first speaker.

"Yes, but he's not in Bud Morton's class. That lad is a wonder. He can shoot 'em in from any part of the floor, and he's got the speed of a flash of greased lightning. He may pull through yet."

Jim heard no more, but that was enough. It was a very sober boy that walked on homeward. Bud Morton was a better player than he, and Bud was not on the team. All

the satisfaction Jim had thought to derive from attaining the goal of his ambition he found vanishing. He had won, not through his own merits, but through a lapse on the part of his rival. "I'm entitled to the place," he mused resentfully. "I earned it."

But a new light began to dawn on Jim as he walked slowly on through the crisp winter air. What did his own ambitions amount to anyway? What was the vital issue at stake? The glory of the school of course—bringing back to Hazelton the honor and prestige of the state championship and next, if it could be accomplished, the wonderful cup, prize of the intersectional meet. The team could probably win with Bud at centre. Could it win without him? Jim was doubtful.

"But there's nothing I can do," he reasoned. "The whole thing is up to Bud. If he's weak enough to throw away his chances, why worry?"

Jim pondered for a couple of blocks. Then he approached the matter from a different angle. "But the team just has to win this year! And to be sure of its winning Bud must play. Yet he won't be able to. The mid-year geometry exam always has been a terror. He'll flunk as sure as shooting. He's out of the game for the rest of the season."

Somehow Jim derived no consolation from the conclusion; it left things as bad as ever. "What Bud needs is tutoring. Somebody ought to get hold of him and cram his head so full of geometry that he can't fail on the exam."

Who? A disquieting thought struggled in the back of Jim's brain. Mathematics had always been his strong point. No student in the school was better fitted than he to tutor in geometry.

"But it isn't up to me," he protested uneasily.

"Why not?" came the thought. "Don't you want your team to win, whether you play or not?"

"Of course I do," Jim decided.

"Then you ought to be man enough to do all you can for the team. You're worth more to it as a geometry tutor than at centre."

"But it's not right," was Jim's hot protest. "This is my last year in school, and Bud has two more seasons before him. Why should I deliberately shove myself off the team? His chance can come later."

"Now you're dodging the real point," was the inexorable accusation. "If you're out for Jim Holloway's own selfish interests, go on and play, put yourself ahead of the team, of the school, and take what pleasure you can. But if your boasted loyalty to Hazelton is big enough to let you look beyond the end of your nose, get busy! You don't need to be told which of his centres Gregg would pick for a deciding game."

That ended Jim's debate with himself. He saw clearly that in athletics as in life the desires of an individual must always give way before the welfare of the group. "I'll get Bud Morton through that exam," he declared grimly, "or I'll just about crack his thick skull."

The following evening he went to Morton's room and found him buried in a magazine. Bud glanced up with no great show of enthusiasm. "How's geometry coming along?" was the visitor's greeting.

"So so," rejoined Bud gruffly. "What's on your mind?"

It was on the tip of Jim's tongue to suggest that in the circumstances a textbook might be more suitable reading than a

A majority of those points were scored by Bud Morton

DRAWN BY W. F. STECHER



magazine, but he refrained. "Been thinking I might help you along a bit," he remarked instead. "Math never bothered me. It's too bad for the team to lose you with the big end of the season in sight."

"You should worry whether I stay on the mourners' bench. If I fail to get back on the squad, it's your good luck."

"You've got the wrong up and down on this, Bud," Jim replied pleasantly. "The big thing is for Hazelton to go on into the two tournaments with a winning team. You're a better centre than I am, and therefore you ought to play."

"You mean to say that you're willing to tutor me in geometry, so that I'll be eligible again—and take your place away from you?" Bud demanded incredulously.

"That's it."

"You certainly are one white chap!" Bud exclaimed. "I guess I need your help too, all right. The lines and angles and so on don't seem to recognize me as a friend at all."

"Then let's get to work," said Jim briskly. "What's tomorrow's assignment? We'll dig into that hard and then go back to catch up a few loose threads in what time is left."

So they set to work, and it took Jim only a few minutes to discover that he had a considerable task before him. Bud's ignorance of geometry was appalling; how he had managed to squeeze by as long as he had was a mystery. For two hours the session lasted, and the result was that Bud had the next day's lesson well learned, and Jim had made him begin on some much needed review work.

"We've made a fair start," the tutor remarked, "but you've a lot of hard studying ahead of you and not any too much time. I'll help as much as I can; yet after all the thing is up to you. How about English?"

"I can clean that up," Bud declared confidently. "Miss Bromley got sore at me last month. That's what let me down."

"You probably gave her cause then," Jim replied. "Now show her and the other instructors that you mean business. Make a good impression. Cut out the fooling and pay attention in recitations. You want to bring up your daily average as high as you can."

"It'll be a tough job in math," Bud admitted. "Mr. Saunders thinks I'm terrible."

"Show him he's wrong. Mr. Saunders is a mighty fine man and a bully teacher. He'll go out of his way to help any fellow that's really trying. It's only the loafers that he soaks—and they deserve soaking too; don't you forget that, Bud."

From that evening on Jim devoted much of his spare time to helping the delinquent. It kept him pretty busy, because besides doing his own work he had to spend two hours of each afternoon on the floor of the gymnasium. Bud's enthusiasm lasted for a week; then one evening when Jim came round he found his pupil missing; he had gone to town with some companions. Bud was somewhat resentful when Jim criticized him severely the next morning.

A few nights later Bud proved sullen and unresponsive. "What's the use," he grumbled. "I can't get an even break with Saunders. He's down on me."

"That's a stale alibi," replied Jim. "What's the trouble?"

"Aw, he bawled me out in class this morning. I know he's made up his mind to flunk me, no matter how I stand in the test."

"Why did he bawl you out?"

"It wasn't anything. Pinky Wake-man beamed me with a piece of paper, and I threw it back to him. Saunders never said a word to Pinky. I'm always the goat."

Jim merely looked steadily at Bud, who flushed uncomfortably and averted his eyes. Presently Jim rose and took his coat and hat from a chair.

"Where you going?" Bud asked in sudden alarm.

"I'm through!" Jim replied.

"Have a heart, old man!" Bud pleaded. "Honest, I'll behave. Don't leave me flat now. I'll never pass geometry if you do. I'll apologize to Mr. Saunders or do anything else you say. Only stick around. You're my last hope."

Jim hesitated.

"You say you want the team to win," Bud went on. "If you do, give me one more chance. Do it for the school if not for me."

"All right," Jim put down the hat and coat.

In the days that intervened before

examinations Bud stuck manfully to his guns. Midyear arrived, and throughout the school an atmosphere of grim earnestness not unmingled with worry prevailed. Gradually the tension relaxed as the various ordeals were faced, for most of the examinations proved less difficult than had been expected.

Individual students were not usually told their standing until some time after the papers were corrected, though marks were open to inspection by members of the faculty. So Jim went to Gregg. "Did you hear how Bud made out?" he asked.

"Passed everything," was the reply.

"That's fine!" Jim exclaimed, unselfishly glad. "Now he can play down at Winchester in our first game of the series next week."

"I'll take him along," said Gregg. "I may put him in for a few minutes at the end of the game."

"Wh-what do you mean?" Jim stammered.

Gregg put his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Jim," he said gently, "you didn't peep, but

I know what you've been up to the past month. It was a fine thing to do, but, my boy, you slipped badly in your calculations. You're a better all-round basketball player than Bud Morton ever thought of being. He fooled you properly, but he didn't fool me. Bud couldn't pry you from your place on the team with a telephone pole. I hope to make something of him by next year, but this season I need you."

"But I thought—" Jim began.

"I know what you thought, but you didn't think deep enough. A player's value to his team goes farther down than the individual points he scores. Bud can score points when he's going well, but he's erratic; I can't count on him if things go wrong, whereas you're as dependable as Gibraltar. A steady player is a tremendous asset to the morale of any team; he inspires the others with confidence in themselves—a more important thing than confidence in him. Furthermore, Bud likes to shoot baskets too much; he wants to star and so plays

grandstand stuff even to the point of disobeying my instructions. He's temperamental, and temperamental stars have a nasty habit of blowing up, in which case the rest of the team usually follow. Besides, Bud fell down badly in his studies and would have been off the squad for the rest of the season if you hadn't saved him. His spirit has been wrong. He was mentally lazy and failed to play the game squarely by his coach, his teammates and his school. He won't be worth anything to me until I knock the foolishness out of his head, and I intend to do it! Enough of Bud; he'll come through in the final show-down."

"Jim,"—and Gregg looked straight into the boy's eyes,—"with you at centre I've got the strongest combination it's yet been my privilege to train. What are we going to do, Jim?"

"We're going to win!" Jim cried happily. "I'll play my head off for you, Mr. Gregg!"

"That's the way I like to hear a chap talk!" cried the coach.

TREASURE SWAMP By Frank Lillie Pollock



A financial genius

NOW he's gone, what's the next move?" demanded Kenneth. "Nothing," said Dick. "He's a crook, and he knows we know it. I don't believe in his Ed Loughheed for a minute. He's simply tried to bluff us out and failed. We've seen the last of him."

But in spite of Dick's assumption of confidence Williams's visit made them uneasy. Williams certainly was aware of the peat and knew something of its value; perhaps he imagined that the briquetting process was perfected. As yet the boys felt incapable of resuming their work. They loitered round, talking the matter over from every point of view, and at last went down to the river to try to fish. There they fought

mosquitoes and watched for a returning canoe.

That night they barricaded the door of the cabin and laid the loaded guns handy to the bunk, but they were undisturbed. Dick went to work again the next morning, and Kenneth resumed his camp duties. Their uneasiness was beginning to wear off, though they remained on the alert all of that day and the next. By degrees they forgot to watch the trail anxiously, and Dick became once more deeply immersed in his engineering efforts.

His efforts were still far short of success. He would sit for hours, cudgeling his brain, pondering; then he would plunge into some new method only to emerge black and smoky and ill-tempered.

Kenneth ceased to question his older brother about the work and kept away from the laboratory, where he was unable to be of any use. He was growing weary and sick of failures, and he thought more than once that perhaps Uncle Norman had really given up the project and gone away to his proper trade of prospecting, intending to return at the end of the summer.

The weather turned cool, then hot and rainy. Fogs hung over the swamps all day long. Mosquitoes grew so bad that Dick was fairly driven out of the workshop, and in spite of the screened windows of the cabin they got in and made the nights hard to bear.

Days passed; the weather was fine and hot once more. The boys had heard nothing more from Williams, and they had almost ceased to think of him.

Kenneth had almost given up hope of favorable news from the peat process when immediately after breakfast one morning he heard Dick shouting to him from the

workshop. Rushing down, he found his brother outdoors beside a pit that was smoking faintly; it was full of lumps of the familiar briquettes, but they were grayish instead of brown black.

"Ken, I've got it!" said Dick in a suppressed voice. "I do believe I've got it this time, Ken!"

"What! Hard briquettes?" said Kenneth, almost afraid to believe.

"Peat coke! Look at that! Hard as brick!" He dashed a hot lump against the side of the building, and it did not break. "Thought of it several days ago, and I've been trying ever since to contrive an oven to make it. Now I've turned the trick. Hurrah!"

Kenneth joined in the shout of exultation, and, grasping hands, the two boys capered wildly round the smoking coke pit till Dick, who was bursting with the desire to explain his success, stopped short.

"Coke's the thing!" he cried. "It's as hot as coal and harder and more resistant. That's why it's used for blast furnaces; it carries the ore piled over it without crushing down. My scheme isn't quite original," he admitted. "They've made peat coke over in Sweden to some extent, as I found in one of those government reports, but I don't think it's ever been tried in America, and the process is just the same as for coking coal—simply roasting it to drive out the volatile substances. All sorts of peat won't coke; you need a very fine grade with a high percentage of pure carbon, and that seems to be what we've got here. Uncle Norman was right when he picked this place."

"But how do you make it?" demanded Kenneth. "It sounds too good."

"Not a bit better than it is. Why, I made this in the most primitive way—just a hole in the ground, as they used to burn charcoal. I fired it last night and left it till this morning. That's how they used to make coal coke, but if we start to manufacture, Ken, the next thing we've got to have is capital, a couple of thousand dollars at least!"

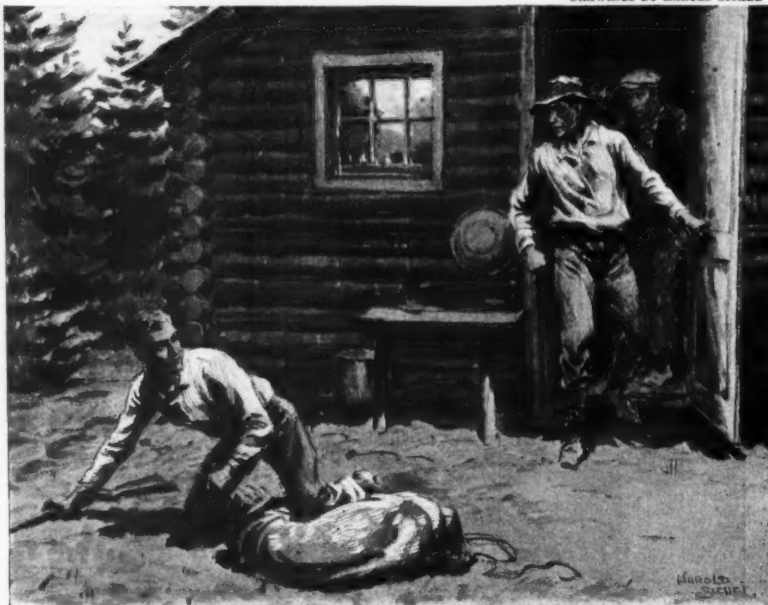
"Oh," said Kenneth, taken aback. "I don't know how we'd raise even two hundred, do you?"

"Of course. When you have a good thing you can always get capital. I've thought it all out. I'll take a sample of this fuel down to the big Macdonald smelter at Hawthorne just north of Cedar Lake. If they like it, I'll get a contract from them for, say, a thousand tons. I can cut the regular coke prices a good deal and make a profit. Then with a contract for about six thousand dollars in my pocket I can easily borrow a couple of thousand from the bank, with the contract as security. We'll have to have regular ovens to make the coke, big drying machines, power presses, power grinders and barges to carry the coke. Luckily they are all rough machinery and not costly, and I hope two thousand dollars will get us started. We'll do all we can by hand, and we'll have to hire half a dozen men. Yes, and that'll mean bunk houses here and a cook and loads of provisions. Well, maybe I can borrow more than two thousand dollars."

"You're a financial genius, Dick!" said his brother. "I don't know whether

"If we set eyes on you again, we'll kick your head in!" he shouted savagely

DRAWINGS BY HAROLD SICHEL



all that is practicable or not, but we'll certainly put it through some way. When can you go out and see the smelter people?"

It took several days to get ready. Dick manufactured a fresh lot of peat coke, for he had used up the first lot in testing. He packed about fifty pounds in an empty dunnage bag, and Kenneth helped him to carry it down to the river and launch Uncle Norman's canoe.

"I'll be back in three or four days, maybe sooner if I have luck," Dick said as he embarked. "You'd better put in your time digging out all the peat you can and set up the blocks to dry. If I put the deal through, we'll need a tremendous lot in a great hurry. I don't think there's any danger of Williams's showing up again, but keep a lookout. We can't take any chances now that we're almost in harbor."

Left to himself, Kenneth suddenly felt very much alone and at once set to work energetically at cutting peat. It was heavy work; he had to clear away the moss and usually a considerable layer of muck and earth before the real peat was laid bare. The blocks came out in fairly firm pieces, and he piled them loosely to dry, working all day with only a slight pause for dinner.

He was too tired to be lonely that night, and he slept soundly; but next morning he found himself stiff and sore. He painfully

cut out a few sods, gave it up and went fishing; then he came back and worked a little longer. Dick should have reached the smelter by this time; perhaps their destiny was already decided! It was hard for Kenneth to control his anxiety and impatience.

His muscles became more limber as he worked, and he managed to pile a creditable amount of fresh peat after all. But he was nervous that night and slept badly. It rained after midnight, and for a long time he listened to the patter on the roof. When he awoke late in the morning it was still raining. He thought regretfully of his fresh peat, which was becoming wetter instead of drier. Unable to go outdoors, he cleaned out the cabin, made some much-needed repairs to his clothing and finally set himself to study the subject of peat in his uncle's books.

Hitherto his knowledge of peat had been as slight as most people's, but after some hours he felt that he knew a great deal. Reading about peat certainly made the project much more interesting. Peat formed a great industry in Europe and might form one in America. Dick's coking process would surely be successful—and straightway Kenneth lost himself in visions of a great industrial plant, barge loads of coke and enormous profits. Fabulous as it seemed, it might really be brought about. Of course it was a big undertaking for two boys, but Kenneth felt certain that Uncle Norman would reappear sooner or later. If the worst should happen,—if they learned that their uncle was actually dead,—well, they were his only living blood relatives and consequently his natural heirs.

Toward evening the sky cleared, and the next day was fine and warm. Kenneth resumed his peat cutting, though the bog was spongy with rain. Dick might possibly return that day, though probably he wouldn't appear before evening. Kenneth worked till noon and then hurried to the cabin to prepare himself a quick lunch.

He had finished eating and, standing with his back to the door, was about to put away the food, when he was aware that the room had grown suddenly a little darker. He wheeled quickly. The doorway was full of men! Williams was in front with a gun under his arm, two other men were looking over his shoulders. For a moment they all stared silently, and Kenneth felt paralyzed in tongue and limbs.

"Well, young fellow! So you're here yet!" said Williams roughly. "I warned you, didn't I? Now this is your last chance to get out."

Kenneth's mind was clear enough. He knew that this meant trouble, and it was for him to hold the place if possible. Out of the corner of his eye he saw his shotgun against the wall and remembered that it was loaded.

"Here's Ed Loughheed, who owns this homestead," continued Williams, taking a step forward into the room. "He's come to take possession. Ain't that so, Ed?"

"That's right," affirmed the man indicated, a dark-faced, rough and tough-looking

fellow less than thirty years old. "This here's my land, and I told Harwood I'd want it this summer. He's gone, and you've got to git too."

"That isn't good enough," said Kenneth. "I think this is our ranch and—"

He made a leap and, seizing the shotgun, snapped back the safety catch as he raised it. But Williams was too quick for him. With a thrust of his own rifle barrel he knocked the boy's weapon aside. It went off with a crash, and blew a pane out of the window, and the next instant Kenneth felt a fierce grip on his throat. Strangling, he was pinned against the wall in spite of his struggles.

"Take away this young desperado's gun," said Williams. "He near shot me then. Him and his brother's a pair of dangerous characters. They ought to be in jail."

One of the men snatched the shotgun out of Kenneth's hand and felt over his clothing for shells or further weapons. Then Williams released his hold, and Kenneth straightened up, choking and gasping.

"I'll see—you in—jail!" he stammered. "You can't put us out of here. You've no right—"

"Get his stuff together!" Williams ordered, paying no attention. "He can have grub enough to take him to Cedar Lake. Let him have his gun too, but no shells. He won't need 'em."

"Cedar Lake? What do you mean? I've no canoe!" Kenneth gasped in sudden horror.

"I know that; we saw your brother down there. But you can walk, can't you? Keep to the river and you'll get there if you keep going long enough."

"That kid'll never git to Cedar Lake, Williams," said one of the men in a low voice.

"Let him go somewhere else then," replied Williams, who was throwing things pellmell into Kenneth's empty dunnage bag—the lump of raw bacon from the table, a slab of bread, a knife, a spoon and the box of salt.

He crammed a blanket on top of all and flung the bag far outside the door.

"So long as he don't come back here, I ain't particular," he added and, thrusting the unloaded gun into Kenneth's hand, ran him out the door with a long shove that sent him stumbling over his dunnage. "If we set eyes on you again, we'll kick your head in!" he shouted savagely. "Now git!"

Almost blind and choking with rage and humiliation, Kenneth gathered himself up and looked back at the three ruthless faces watching him from the door. He made a step toward them; then, turning sharply, he picked up the sack and started toward the river. He reached the landing place almost without knowing it. A canoe was lying there with several sacks, axes and some scattered dunnage in it. He halted and then noticed that two of the men were following at a little distance. He turned down the shore, stumbling through the dense, swampy thickets. Over his shoulder he saw the two men gather up the canoe and outfit and carry it toward the cabin, but he struggled on slowly through the jungle. When he had gone a hundred yards he stopped.

His expulsion meant little better than death if he should undertake to traverse those thirty miles of marsh and jungle to Cedar Lake. But Kenneth had no intention of trying to reach Cedar Lake. Even if the road had been open and easy, he would not have gone. The three had taken him by surprise, but they were not going to win! His first blind rage had settled into a fierce determination not to leave Williams in control of the peat mine. Bitterly Kenneth regretted that he had not dismantled the machinery of Dick's experiments; but there was a chance that Williams would not understand them. Vague plans ran through his mind. He had food for several days. He would hide in the swamps and watch for an advantage. Dick was sure to be back within a day or two. One thing in particular encouraged him. Two days before he had emptied a pocketful of shotgun shells on a shelf in the workshop. They were there still, he was sure, and Williams's men might fail to notice them. That box of shells might mean life or death.

He sat for half an hour listening. Then he cached his dunnage in the fork of a tree and, carrying his empty gun, began to creep back toward the cabin.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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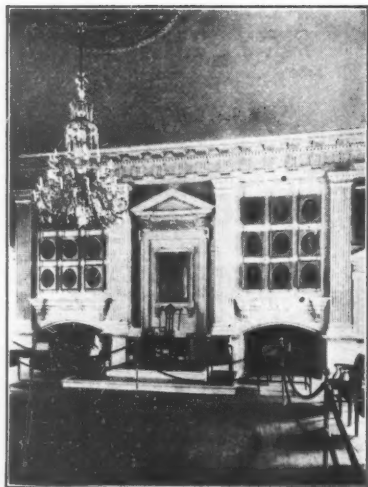
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In this room in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, the Constitution was signed

FACT AND COMMENT

FAILURE MAY CAUSE PAIN, but, if the lesson that it teaches is taken to heart, it will be a growing pain.

A deadly Creeper, ever self-renewing,
Is unproved, successful Evil-doing.

A POUND OF BUTTER, as all good housewives know, makes a package that does not vary in size. The Federal Trade Commission therefore has ruled that a smaller quantity of butter in a package that so resembles a pound package as to mislead purchasers is a means of unfair competition.

"A FARM WOMAN'S PRAYER" reads: "Keep ever in my soul a sense of the perspective, that my kettles and dishcloth may not obscure the beauty of the rose blooming outside my door, the quiver of the leaves in the summer wind and the classic purity of the snow on the valley or hill."

ORCHIDS WERE RECOMMENDED at the scientific congress held recently at Liège as a new means of combating tuberculosis. Men of science have discovered that the heavily scented essential oils of orchids, injected into a patient, will give him a much better chance of success in his fight for recovery.

A CHINESE SAILOR whose adventures have got him into print wears a steel ring round his neck for good luck. No ring of course, not even a wedding ring, is a guaranty of good fortune, but you would have a hard time convincing Ah Ding of that, for in six months he is said to have survived six typhoons, two battles with pirates, a fight with Swedish sailors, three attacks of fever and the Japanese earthquake.

THE CITY OF PARIS is officially reported to be worth 3,840,500,000 francs. Among the property valued are the Hôtel de Ville, at 31,800,000, the Petit Palais, at 15,000,000, and Les Halles, at 50,770,000. Unfortunately the city owes five billion francs, so that its debts exceed its assets by more than a billion. The inventory was made solely in the interest of history; the city will pay its debts without selling any of its historic possessions.

THE BUREAU OF STANDARDS, which has been making some interesting tests on building stone, has discovered that sandstone after soaking for several hours in melted sulphur becomes as strong as the best granite. The ability to withstand pressure is raised from eight or nine thousand pounds to thirty thousand, or more than two hundred per cent. Cement treated in the same way gained remarkably in strength, but how well the treated stone will stand exposure has not been determined.

DELIGHTFULLY AMUSING is the plan that a man we read of suggests for controlling poor speakers over the radio. "I suggest a button," he says, "that, when pressed, would release an electric current acting through a minute receiving apparatus attached, according to law, to a tender part of the performer and inflicting a slight electric shock. If when listening I should be moved to criticism, I would press the button. If I were a minority of one, the shock would be hardly perceptible; but if all listeners pressed their buttons in unanimous disgust, the total current released would produce

such a shock as to insure that, in this world at least, the performer would not be heard again!" An excellent idea!

OUR CONSTITUTION

ON the occasion of the anniversary of the signing of the Constitution of the United States—which will occur on September 17—it is well for American citizens to consider anew what degree of liberty and well-being they owe to that instrument and to pledge themselves afresh to defend it against all the forces that would assail its purposes or subvert its principles.

The Constitution was never a perfect instrument of government. It has been necessary occasionally to modify or to add to it. We have had to pass through a great war to reach a settlement of issues that the founders of the Republic left undetermined. But no greater charter of liberty than our Constitution, and the Bill of Rights that was added to it as soon as the original document was approved, was ever drawn up. Under its provisions the greatest experiment in democracy that the world has ever seen was undertaken and has prospered for nearly a century and a half, until today we see nations all over the world taking courage from our example and putting the powers of government into the hands of the people.

The Constitution has been praised by the statesmen of other countries as an extraordinary piece of political wisdom and constructive skill. We ourselves have proved that it has qualities of firmness and flexibility such as are rarely united in a written charter of government. We have enjoyed under it national unity and national strength, combined with a high degree of local autonomy. Our political liberties and our personal freedom of action have been so maintained that we have subdued a continent and built up perhaps the richest civilization the world has known with greater ease and with less incidental injustice than ever attended the growth of so much political and commercial power.

But the Constitution is not without critics and enemies. There is a school of historians that delight in disparaging both the document and the men who drew it, as representing too exclusively the "middle classes" of the country. There are men who think it insufficiently democratic and want to remove every check that it places on the hasty action of the voters. There are men who think it is not compact enough, and who want to do away with every restriction on the supremacy of the central government. There are men who do not believe in democracy at all; in the eyes of those who take their political views from the Russian Revolution the Constitution cannot be tolerated; it must be destroyed. The vast majority of American citizens, however, are loyal to the Republic of 1787. They mean that in the future as in the past the Constitution shall be amended to adapt it more perfectly to the changing conditions of political thought and national life, but they mean to preserve it in essential spirit as the surest safeguard of their liberty. A government of the people, with distributed powers and a division of authority between state and nation; between executive and legislature, is the best formula we know of for the government of a free people.

OCCUPATIONS OF A MODERN PRINCE

THE world-wide spread of democratic ideas has curiously affected the occupations of princes. In the age of chivalry, when kings ruled by divine right, when they enjoyed unbounded power and unbridled personal liberty, the chief business of a prince was to be, like Kipling's Fuzzy-Wuzzy, a "first-class fighter" man. If he made war, he put on his shining armor and went forth to defend his cause with mace and battle-axe; if need were, to die fighting in the midst of his knights and squires. To stay at home and read bulletins from the front would have seemed to him a most ignoble thing. How illogical it seems, then, that in our time an English prince, who has no voice whatever in the government of his country, and wields no power unless it be to set a fashion, is not permitted to risk so much as a finger nail in battle. Honorary colonel of a dozen regiments, he may not accompany one of them when it marches off to meet the enemy.

The introduction of firearms into warfare swept chivalry away and transformed fight-

ing princes into carpet knights. A prince or a noble was cheerfully willing to be left to the chine in a fair hand-to-hand fight with his equals, but he was made uneasy at the thought of being killed by a chance shot from the musket of some base-born varlet hiding in a hedge. That is one reason why, since Charles II gallantly led a cavalry charge at the battle of Worcester in 1651, no English prince has risked his life in battle.

It was perhaps owing to the worthy example of Albert, the Prince Consort, who inspired the Crystal Palace exhibition in 1851, that English princes took up the arduous and wearisome occupation of dedicating memorials, opening bazaars and inspecting hospitals and industrial plants. But it is hardly conceivable that such an occupation continued month in, month out, can appeal to an alert young man like the Prince of Wales. No slave of a time clock is more subject than he to the remorseless schedule of trains. He must invariably be cheerful, and no matter what temptations may lure him away he must be at Little Puddington at two-thirty to lay the cornerstone of the new infirmary.

No wonder that the Prince, feeling the nervous strain of a long series of public appearances in his dull rôle as representative of a majesty that no longer exists, is forced to break away now and then for a month's holiday at his ranch in Calgary. It may be, too, that his reckless daring as a horseman is simply his expression of protest at the humdrum life that he is compelled to lead. Only to enjoy one hour of the glorious life of his ancestors at Crécy and Agincourt! If only he might smite a prime minister hip and thigh—do something to prove to his countrymen that the sceptre is to be no longer the bauble that Cromwell made it!

THE POWER OF TRADITION

MANY people are inclined to scoff at persons who allow themselves to be influenced by tradition; they seem to think that to submit to such an influence is almost as foolish as to be influenced by superstition. Yet to cultivate a proper respect for tradition and to act always in conformity with it is more often the part of wisdom than of folly. For the traditions that are handed down from generation to generation are usually good traditions. Families do not preserve with any pride records of the unworthy actions of some of their members; they transmit only the stories that reflect credit on the ancestral stock. Many a boy has had no more valuable stimulus than has been contained in his father's tales of the courage or the keen sense of honor shown by his father or grandfather on certain trying occasions. With a boy, the incentive to be honorable or courageous in order to maintain the family tradition of honor and courage is stronger than that which comes merely from knowing that honor and courage are excellent virtues that one should always try to display.

Sound principles are most likely to take root in a boy when the ground has been prepared by a liberal application of sentiment, and nothing is more effective in creating sentiment than tradition.

It is true that sometimes tradition exercises its power over the mind to a tyrannical degree—that it sometimes stifles initiative and magnifies the importance of trivial conventions. But tradition is itself improving in character all the time. Many years ago tradition rigidly limited a man's choice of occupation; it was a foregone conclusion that the son of a cobbler would be a cobbler. Not so many years ago tradition virtually prevented a girl from having any choice of occupation whatever. The days when individuality was curbed and uncongenial employment or stupefying indolence imposed by tradition are happily past. In the life of the home and the school tradition is now nearly always a beneficent and inspiring force. Families and schools that have no traditions hasten to acquire them.

A LONG STEP TOWARD PEACE

WHEN M. Herriot and Herr Marx clasped hands at the ceremony of signing the agreements reached at the London conference they did what no French and German statesmen have done for ten years. Their act symbolized the brightening prospects for peace and international understanding in Europe.

The conference adopted without dissent an arrangement for putting the so-called Dawes plan into effect. We assume that the

French Parliament and the German Reichstag will ratify the agreement, though neither will do it with great enthusiasm. It is a compromise. The Germans, who would like to pay nothing, have got to pay a considerable sum. The French, who would like to get enough money out of the Germans to settle all their debts, will have to do with less than they hoped for. Neither gets precisely what it would prefer, but the danger of rejection is so obvious that both parties will probably ratify. The failure of either would plunge Europe into a political and economic morass that would appear hopeless.

As a matter of fact, the only real difficulty that the negotiators at London faced was the matter of French military occupation of German territory. That was a delicate subject, not only because the Germans felt so strongly about it but because M. Herriot's own majority in the French Chamber is so small that he dared not consent to concessions that he would personally have been quite ready to make. But in the end this was agreed upon: the French troops are to be withdrawn from the Ruhr by next August at least, and sooner if practicable; France retains the right of re-occupying German territory if Germany is officially declared to be in default of the reparation payments; the right to declare Germany in default no longer rests absolutely with the Reparations Commission, which France controls by the right of its representative to cast a second and decisive vote in case of a tie. For that purpose an American member is added to the commission, and even after that body acts the question of German default can be appealed to a board of arbitration composed of neutrals—one of whom is to be an American.

The success of the London conference and the consequent brightening of the political skies in Europe are a tribute to the sagacity and good will displayed by the two premiers Herriot and MacDonald. Those men, leaders of radical parties in their respective countries, have shown a saving common sense and a realization of the inescapable interdependence of the European peoples that more experienced statesmen seem to have lacked.

The tangled post-war problem is not yet solved. We still have to see whether the Germans will carry out the provisions of the Dawes plan without reservations or obstructions. There still remains the troublesome question of the inter-allied debts, especially the debts that the European countries owe to the United States. There remains plenty of opportunity for diplomatic skill and statesmanlike vision or their opposites; but we can rejoice that Europe seems ready at last to turn its face away from bickering and suspicion toward a real and substantially founded peace.

ECONOMY IN THE POST OFFICE

IN a recent letter to the newspapers Dr. Charles W. Eliot, that remarkable old man who manifests at ninety the intellectual agility and force proper to a man still in the prime of life, called attention to the fact that the policy of retrenchment and economy that the Post Office Department is pursuing has very seriously impaired the efficiency of the postal service. About the facts of the case there can be little disagreement. The post office, perhaps, does as well as it can be expected to do with the force at its command, and it gets as much service as it can expect for the salaries it pays. It performs admirably the task of giving postal service to remote places where the carrier must face danger as well as difficulty. In the heart of great cities it meets, on the whole very well, an insistent demand for prompt and frequent delivery. But in suburban and rural districts as well as in the railway mail service the unfortunate effects of too strict economy are apparent. The transportation and delivery of first-class mail is not so prompt as it should be, and in the lower classes delay is frequent. People have adjusted themselves after a fashion to the circumstances and perhaps do not realize how much better the post office might discharge its duties. They do not know, as Dr. Eliot points out, that our standards of promptness and efficiency are considerably lower than those of the postal services of England, Switzerland and Germany.

The fact is that the appropriations that Congress makes are inadequate to a really satisfactory service. The post offices, generally speaking, are undermanned and the employees underpaid. Congressmen are not unaware of that, and occasionally they vote to increase the pay of the carriers and mail clerks, as they did last spring; but they do

not provide the money, and the post-office authorities, proceeding on the principle that the system must pay for itself, and that it can give only such service as the revenues will warrant, are not exigent for larger appropriations.

The country would be better off if it had a better paid, better staffed, more efficient post office. It can get it only by spending more money for it. The question is, how shall the money be raised? It is possible to get it by increasing the postal rates, which would be an unpopular step, or it can be had by appropriating money out of general taxation. Dr. Eliot apparently leans to the second way. His argument is that the post office has two functions, one the function of promoting productiveness in industry and activity in trade, the other that of advancing education, family life and thinking power among the people. We have no space to pursue his argument into details, but it is clear that he thinks the country would profit, intellectually and materially, if the post office were permitted to give the very best service it could, without regard to the precise balancing of revenue and expense in its operations. Many persons will agree with him. Many others would be willing to see an improvement in the service if it could be had only by an increase in the postal rates. Everyone who makes a study of the situation comes to the conclusion that the present service is inadequate, and that the present rate of salaries is unfair to the men who do the work.

Incidentally, it may be remarked that it would do no harm to abandon the distinction between the treatment of first and second class mail and the clumsy system of zoning rates to which the newspapers and magazines now submit. If one of the functions of the post office is to encourage intelligent thinking among the people, it is hardly fair to discriminate against readers who happen to live at considerable distances from the cities where the printed material for the national mind to work upon is produced.

The Editor's BULLETIN BOARD

THE DEPARTMENT PAGES

In next week's issue of *The Companion* the departments make their September appearance. The Family Page articles include the first of a new series

THE YOUNG HOUSEWIFE

On the Boys' Page the two subjects that seem to be of the most timely importance will receive careful and valuable attention. They are of course

RADIO and FOOTBALL

As for the Girls' Page, it will be filled with interesting matter, with most of the space and the pictures given to

RIDING IN THE SIDESADDLE
a complement to the article on Riding
Astride already printed.

CURRENT EVENTS

THE Dawes plan, which seems likely to be put into effect as a result of the London agreement, is too complicated in detail to be explained in a paragraph. But the essential provisions are these: Germany is to be given four years to work up to the full execution of the plan. At the end of that time it is calculated that the Germans can make annual reparation payments of about \$650,000,000. These payments are to be supplied from new taxation and from mortgages on the railways and the great industries of Germany. The reparation money is to be accumulated in a new privately managed bank in Berlin with the power of note issue, the control of which is to be divided among Germans, representatives from the allied nations and neutrals. The terms of the reparation payments can be varied in future years; more or less will be paid annually according to a carefully defined "index of

prosperity." If there is any dispute over the application of this index, the matter is to be referred to arbitration in the League of Nations. To help in financing the first reparations and in providing capital for the new bank a loan of \$200,000,000 is to be made, not by other governments, but by private capital. Special issues of railway bonds and industrial debentures secured by mortgage on German property will be issued later as soon as investors seem to be ready to buy them. The French control of German industry in the Ruhr is to cease.

DISCOURAGING news is reaching Spain concerning the military situation in Morocco. For several years the Spanish army has been trying to assert the sovereignty of Spain over the Riff tribes of the interior with no success. At Melilla the tribesmen cut to pieces a very considerable Spanish force, and the disaster was one of the events that determined the overthrow of the parliamentary government and the establishment of a sort of dictatorship under Gen. Primo Rivera. The new government, though rather more efficient at home, has met with no better success in its military ventures, and it is reported in Madrid that the military situation is so bad that the king has sent ambassadors to Abd-el-Krim, the Riff leader, asking for peace. If these overtures should fail, and the Spanish army should sustain another defeat like that at Melilla, King Alfonso's crown would be in serious danger.

THE "hop" between Iceland and Greenland proved to be the most difficult and dangerous of any that the American world-fliers had to face. The floating ice is always a serious menace along the east coast of Greenland, and this year it is worse than usual. It was quite impossible to make a landing at Angmagssalik, according to the original plans, and after waiting at Reykjavik for several weeks the aviators decided trying to fly to Cape Farewell, more than eight hundred miles from Iceland. At the first attempt the planes, which were overloaded with fuel, met with accidents that made further delay necessary, but on August 21 the fliers got safely away and reached the Greenland coast near Cape Farewell. The Italian aviator Locatelli who accompanied them was less fortunate. He was lost in the fog and for four days was adrift in the icy waters off the Greenland coast. At last he was picked up by the cruiser Richmond, one hundred and twenty-five miles out to sea. August 24 the Americans flew safely to Iqviutut, Greenland.

ACCORDING to the latest estimates made by the Department of Agriculture, the world crop of wheat is thirteen per cent smaller than that of last year. Only in Argentina and Australia—outside the United States—is the crop normal. Statistics from Russia are lacking, but observers on the ground report that the crop has failed in several regions and that another famine is by no means unlikely.

THE murder of Mrs. Rosalie Evans at her hacienda in Mexico is a tragedy that may have important diplomatic results. Mrs. Evans was an American, but, having married an Englishman, she was British by citizenship. Mr. Evans, before his own death, had brought a large estate into a high and profitable state of cultivation. Of late there have been many efforts to drive Mrs. Evans out of Mexico. The agrarians of the neighborhood wanted her land for division among the peons, and the government has tried to induce her to give it up—with compensation, which she considered inadequate. It was in consequence of these efforts that Mr. Cummins, the British agent at Mexico City, took ground that led President Obregon to expel him and break off direct diplomatic contact with Great Britain. Many persons suspect that Mrs. Evans was killed by agrarian agitators; that the murder in fact was semi-political. The Mexican government denies that charge, declares that robbery was the motive of the murderers, and has made some arrests in connection with the case. The British government has not abandoned the matter; there may still be serious consequences, and our own government may become involved, since the hacienda over which so much trouble has arisen is now in the hands of Mrs. Evans's heirs, who are Americans.

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SCHOOL DIRECTORY

The School Directory Department of The Youth's Companion will gladly send catalogues or other information to parents about schools or camps listed in this directory.

Watkinson School For Boys (41st Year) Endowed

Junior and Senior High School. Science, manual arts, agriculture. 125-acre campus, river flows through grounds. Tuition \$30 per month. Partial and full scholarships to ambitious boys. Principal, Frank L. Edwards, Box 335, Hartford, Conn.

In this issue the regular school advertising closes for the season. The following list of schools and camps advertised in recent issues may serve as a reminder to any who may wish to write The Educational Department of The Youth's Companion for information. Address 881 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Put this list out and keep it on file.

BOYS' SCHOOLS

ALLEN-CHALMERS SCHOOL	West Newton, Mass.
BLAIR ACADEMY	Blairtown, N. J.
BORDENTOWN MILITARY INSTITUTE	Bordentown, N. J.
CHESTNUT HILL ACADEMY	Chestnut Hill, Pa.
MCNERNAN SCHOOL	Waterbury, Conn.
MITCHELL SCHOOL	Billerica, Mass.
OHIO MILITARY INSTITUTE	Cincinnati, Ohio
ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL (Military)	Manlius, N. Y.
STUYVESANT SCHOOL	Warrenton, Va.
THE TOME SCHOOL	Port Deposit, Md.
WATKINSON SCHOOL	Hartford, Conn.
WENTWORTH MILITARY ACADEMY	Lexington, Mo.
WILLISTON SEMINARY	Easthampton, Mass.

GIRLS' SCHOOLS

AKELEY HALL	Grand Haven, Mich.
BEECHWOOD SCHOOL	Jenkintown, Pa.
EASTMAN'S SCHOOL	Washington, D. C.
FAUQUIER INSTITUTE	Warrenton, Va.
HOUSE IN THE PINES	Norton, Mass.
HOWARD SEMINARY	West Bridgewater, Mass.
THE MACDUFFIE SCHOOL	Springfield, Mass.
MOUNT IDA SCHOOL	Newton, Mass.
ROBERTS-BEACH SCHOOL	Catonville, Md.
VIRGINIA COLLEGE	Roanoke, Va.

CO-EDUCATIONAL SCHOOLS

FRYBURG ACADEMY	Fryeburg, Me.
GRAND RIVER INSTITUTE	Austinburg, Ohio
KIMBALL UNION ACADEMY	Meriden, N. H.
NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY	Evanston, Ill.
PROCTOR ACADEMY	Andover, N. H.
TILTON SCHOOL	Tilton, N. H.
TROY CONFERENCE ACADEMY	Poultney, Vt.
WESTBROOK SEMINARY	Portland, Me.

PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS

BURDETT BUSINESS COLLEGE	Boston, Mass.
EASTMAN SCHOOL OF BUSINESS	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC	Boston, Mass.
PERCE SCHOOL OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION	Philadelphia, Pa.
RUSSELL SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION	Boston, Mass.

SPECIAL SCHOOLS

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE	Chicago, Ill.
BOGUE INSTITUTE FOR STAMMERERS	Indianapolis, Ind.
BOSTON STAMMERER'S INSTITUTE	Boston, Mass.
FAUST SCHOOL OF TUNING	Boston, Mass.
LEWIS INSTITUTE	Detroit, Mich.
PORTER PIANOFORTE SUMMER SCHOOL	Boston, Mass.

BOYS' CAMPS

CAMP EASTFORD	Eastford, Conn.
CAMP RED CLOUD	Brackney, Pa.

GIRLS' CAMPS

CAMP ABENA	Belgrade Lakes, Me.
CAMP ALLEGRO	Silver Lake, N. H.
CAMP ANAWAN	Meredith, N. H.
CAMP CEDAR	Pottersville, N. Y.
CAMP KEOKUK	Georgetown, Mass.
CAMP LIN-E-KIN BAY	Boothbay Harbor, Me.
CAMP MOY-MO-DA-YO	North Limington, Me.
CAMP NAVAJO	Oxford, Me.
CAMP NESHORE	South Fairlee, Vt.
CAMP OGONTZ	Lisbon, N. H.
CAMP WATATIC	Ashburnham, N. H.
CAMP WEETAMOO	New London, N. H.
CAMP WYODA	South Fairlee, Vt.



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CHILDREN'S PAGE

The story of Honorable Wild-Duck
by Blanche Elizabeth Wade.



ONCE upon a time Honorable Wild-Duck thought the marshes a stupid place in which to live. They seemed too lonely a place for a fine Wild-Duck to spend so much of his life. At times he took long flights, but that was nothing to the life that the Stork lived, for the Stork saw many more things of great interest in a year than the Wild-Ducks could possibly see, or at least so thought Honorable Wild-Duck.

"I shall speak to the slim Stork the next time he comes this way," said Honorable Wild-Duck to himself.

He had not long to wait. One soft misty evening before dark came there upon the edge of the marsh Wild-Duck spied the slim Stork.

"It is a pleasure, O Honorable Stork, to find you here,"

How can one gain the most knowledge in the world?



said Wild-Duck. "I wish to ask you a question. You are wise. How can anyone gain the most knowledge in this world?"

"That, O Honorable Wild-Duck, is a question for which I have the answer at the tip of my beak. By traveling. You learn more of the world in that way than by any other means."

"It is as I thought," replied Honorable Wild-Duck. "I travel here and there from one season to another, but I fear I spend too much time in the marshes. Much of my life is wasted, and the days I spend here ought to be used in gaining knowledge, which comes through seeing the best of the world. Thank you for your wise answer," and he went to bed in the marshes, thinking that early in the morning he would start on a long journey.

When he woke from his pleasant sleep he had to say that the marshes looked as lovely as anything he had seen in his life. They were like a picture viewed in a soft purple mist, the color of the wistaria blossoms when

they are deepest in tint; and he had never had a pleasanter sleep than in the sheltering things of the marsh. The air was sweet. The place was still. Food was to be had in the soft mud.

"I must not think of all this if I wish to be wise," said Honorable Wild-Duck; so after eating a good breakfast he raised himself on his strong wings and away he went over marsh and rice field and river and the places that he had seen already until he reached the outskirts of a large town.

"This is a place where I shall learn more in a short time than would be possible in the marshes in months," thought Honorable Wild-Duck. "The slim Stork visits towns and cities. I have heard him speak of them and of the people who live in them. A city is larger than a town, but I may as well begin with this town, since it will give me an idea of what to expect in a city."

Bravely he flew over the outlying houses and landed in the centre of the largest street of shops. People were hurrying busily about their morning errands, and he thought that wisdom was his at last—and so it was, but not the kind he had expected. The wis-

dom. There was old O-Wise, the Owl. Honorable Wild-Duck would ask him.

Now old O-Wise, the Owl, lived away on a lonely mountain where the trees were thick and dark. To get there one must fly over the bamboo forest.

Straight then to the lonely mountain flew Honorable Wild-Duck.

That night when the thick, dark trees had become even thicker and darker in the midnight shadows Honorable Wild-Duck, from a tangled shelter where he had been snatching a little sleep, heard the soft whoosh of the great Owl's wings. O-Wise, the Owl, had lighted upon a branch of the tall pine tree.

He called, "Whoo-oo-oo wants to know something? Whoo-oo-oo wants to know something?"

"I do!" cried Honorable Wild-Duck. "How can one gain the most knowledge in the world?"

"By study and quiet thought," replied O-Wise.

"But the slim Stork said by traveling."

"That is true also, but even the slim Stork spends much time in study and quiet thought, as you may have seen for yourself

he was as wise as the slim Stork that traveled far and as O-Wise, the Owl, that spent his time in study and quiet thought.

THE LAST WEEK OF VACATION

By Clara Ingram Judson

MARY ELLYN looked round the garden and wondered what to do.

Of course she might have played in the sand; usually she had a great deal of fun in the sand pile, even though it was supposed to be mostly for her baby brother Jack. Or she might have swung in the swing; all summer long she had loved that big swing, because with only a few pushes of her foot she could make it go up—oh, very high! You know how swings are; once you get them going well you can "pump" them without touching your foot at all till they go so high that you nearly touch the branches with your toes—pretty nearly, anyway.

But Mary Ellyn was tired of the swing. She might have picked flowers in the garden, but who wants to pick flowers in August? Mary Ellyn remembered that in June she almost lived at the edge of the garden, waiting for the blossoms to open enough to be picked. Anyway, that's what Aunt Jane told a neighbor. But when you've picked every kind of flower so many times that you can pick them all with your eyes shut where is the fun of picking any more?

And the coaster slide and the playhouse and the baby chicks—there was no use in suggesting them any more, for Mary Ellyn was tired of them all, and besides, the baby chicks were all grown up now and no longer interesting to watch.

"I wish there were something to do," sighed Mary Ellyn, "something I wanted to do."

There was the bang of a screen door, and Catherine, who was Mary Ellyn's best



How was a woman?

dom he learned in that short stop told him that a town was no place for Wild-Ducks. He was at once surrounded by a curious crowd. Never before had a sight like that been seen in the town. He was a wonder to the people. Some of them tried to catch him, and, if he had not risen immediately into the air, he would have been made a prisoner.

"Ah," thought he when he had flown to a rocky place outside the town, "I cannot see how the slim Stork can find it safe to visit towns. As for cities, I shall not dare to go to one. If a town is so dangerous, a city must be more so."

Honorable Wild-Duck made up his mind, however, not to go back to the marshes too soon. The slim Stork might call him a coward if he gave up so quickly.

Suddenly a bright thought came to him. The slim Stork was not the only creature of

in your home marsh. Have you not seen him standing upon one leg for long periods?" asked O-Wise.

"Yes, indeed!" replied Honorable Wild-Duck.

"He has told me of you," said O-Wise, "and I know of your sad experience in the town. Go home to your marshes till it is time to migrate. Your travels at such seasons are enough for you; they give you plenty to see to make you wise. You are as wise in your way as the slim Stork is in his way and as I am in mine. Be content."

Back to the marshes went Honorable Wild-Duck. Never before had they looked so peaceful as now once more they looked in the evening light, and he sank to rest with a sigh, for he knew that in his own way

By study and quiet thought.



KING OF THE FOREST

By Frances Avery Founce

I'd love to be an oak tree
Gleaming green and gold,
King of all the forest,
As old as old,

Until the night shadows
Came, and then instead
I'd rather be the young thing
My mother puts to bed.

friend, came out on the back porch next door.

"What are you doing, Mary Ellyn?" she called.

"Nothing. What are you doing?" "Nothing," replied Catherine, and you could tell from her voice that she felt just as Mary Ellyn felt—tired of everything.

as Mary Ellyn felt—tired of everything.

WIND - SHOD

By Rowena Bastin Bennett

If I had shoes like the shoes of the
wind,

I should walk on the top of the sea,
And the little foam fairies would lift
their heads

And throw a kiss to me;
But no one should stay my hurrying
feet,
For the shoes of the wind are fleet.

If I had shoes like the shoes of the
wind,

I should scamper along the grass,
And all would wonder to hear me
come

But none should see me pass;
For the shoes of the wind are magic
shoes
I would make me invisible should
I choose.

If I had shoes like the shoes of the
wind,

I should leap to the sky with a
bound
And shuffle the little white clouds
about

Till the rain fell on the ground;
And oh, I should do such wonderful
things,
For the shoes of the wind have
wings!



That's the advantage of friends—you can
tell how they feel without their talking about
it.

"I wish school would begin," said Catherine,
and she came into Mary Ellyn's yard;
"that's what I wish."

"That's what I wish too," said Mary
Ellyn.
"Let's go and ask mother when it does
begin."

The two little girls hunted up Catherine's
mother, and together they looked at the
calendar.

"Next Monday is Labor Day," Catherine's
mother said, "and the day after that
is the first Tuesday in September. That's
the day when school begins."

"Then it's a week from today," said Mary
Ellyn.

"Go to the head of the class," said
Catherine's mother with a laugh; "that is the
day."

"I'll tell you what let's do," suggested
Mary Ellyn; "let's go round and look at the
school."

Now the two little girls went to school
in a brick schoolhouse about four blocks
from their homes. In school time it seemed
near because they went there twice a day.
But in summer time they seldom passed the
schoolhouse because it didn't happen to be
on the way to church or the grocery store
or any place where they had errands. So
they had not seen it for weeks.

And would you believe it, when they got
there it didn't seem like their schoolhouse at
all!

The grass wasn't cut, and the walks
weren't swept. Even the steps were littered
with twigs and leaves left by the last storm.
You see, the janitor was away on a vacation
and everyone seemed to have forgotten
about the schoolhouse.

"Let's clean it up," said Mary Ellyn.
"It certainly needs it," agreed Catherine.
"Let's go home and get some brooms and
rakes."

They hurried back, and told their mothers
and then, armed with a broom and a garden
rake, they returned to the schoolhouse and
went to work. The yard had many sticks
and a good deal of rubbish in it, and the
sidewalk was long. The more Mary Ellyn
swept the more dirt she saw to sweep, and

by luncheon time the girls had not nearly
finished.

"I tell you what let's do," said Mary
Ellyn after she had thought a few minutes.
"Let's tell the folks on our block and let
them help if they want to. We can work
every morning until we get it all cleaned
up."

Now all the other little girls and boys were
tired of summer fun too, and they liked
going over to the schoolhouse; so it was no
trouble at all to get six children who were
willing to work in the school yard the next
morning.

Just when the walks had been swept
clean and the grass had been mowed and
raked up and the gravel play yard had been
raked smooth and level who should walk
round the corner but John, the janitor.
He stood there and rubbed his eyes and
looked so funny and astonished that the
girls and boys had to laugh at him. Every-
body liked John.

"Well," he said, and he pretended to be
disappointed. "I guess if nobody wants me
to work I may as well go home."

The children giggled with delight.
"But first if you'll open the schoolhouse
door, we'll sweep that too," suggested Tom,
who was the biggest boy there.

John took the keys from his pocket and
opened the door, and, dear me, but that
schoolhouse did smell lonesome! You could
tell in a moment that there hadn't been a
person in there or a window open since last
June. John opened all the windows,—
with the help of the boys,—and the girls
set to sweeping after John had shown them
how to do it without making too much
dust.

"Let's take the sash curtains home and
wash them," suggested Mary Ellyn.

"Let's fill all the flower boxes with ferns
and plants," said Dick.

"And bring new blotters for the teachers'
desks," added Catherine, "only we mustn't
put them on till the desks are scrubbed."

Well, those children worked all the week,
and when they locked the door at noon
Saturday that schoolhouse hardly knew
itself. Every window had been washed and
polished, clean sash curtains were in place,
blackboards were spotless and fresh chalk
was laid out. Blotters were set neatly on
freshly washed desks, and ink wells were
full, ready for work.

Bright and early Tuesday morning, Catherine and Mary Ellyn and their neighbors
hurried over to school to see how astonished
their teachers would be, and they were not
disappointed.

"We're going to do it every year," promised
Mary Ellyn as her teacher admired the
beautiful ferns Mary Ellyn had transplanted
all by herself.

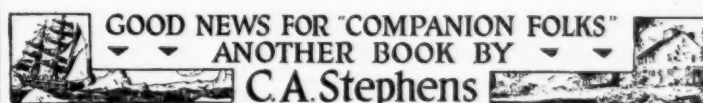
**No Wonder!**

By H. C. Crew

*Tinkle, tinkle
Here and there
In the pleasant
Sun and air,
Bossy cows
Go wandering,
With their tinkling
Bells that ring.*

*In the meadows
They eat up
Many a yellow
Buttercup.
On the hills
They climb and eat
All the grass
About their feet.*

*Tinkle, tinkle,
Home they come.
Honeybees
About them hum.
It's no wonder,
Do you think,
That their milk
Is good to drink?*

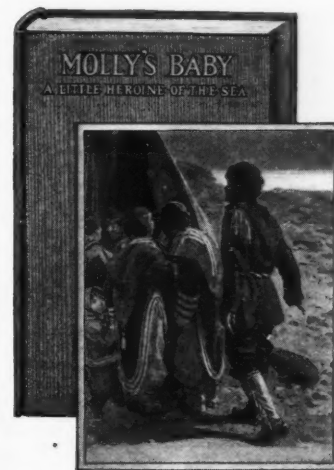
**MOLLY'S BABY**

THERE is probably no other writer of stories in
America who has written exclusively for one publi-
cation so long as C. A. Stephens has written for The
Youth's Companion. Men are now grandfathers and
women are grandmothers who, as boys and girls, read
his first contributions. They now read his latest stories
as eagerly as they once read his earliest, and find in them
the same reality and the
same wholesome kindli-
ness and tolerance. To
hundreds of thousands of
readers, then, a new book
from Mr. Stephens' pen
is a sort of literary Old
Home Week.

Molly's Baby is the
fourth volume of the re-
markably successful "Old
Squire" series. To open
it is to drive once more
into the hospitable door
yard of the Old Home
Farm, to have all the
family come out to wel-
come you, and to put up
your horse for a good
long visit. But it is also
more than that. It is an opportunity to meet a new
member of the family, the brave, generous and resource-
ful Molly, and to follow the ins and outs of the plot to rob her of her
fortune. It is a chance to hear with her the call of the sea that in
Maine reaches even to remote inland farms, and to follow with
affection her voyaging on distant seas. And when, with the rest of
the family you hear that her little orphaned daughter is in the hands
of unknown Esquimo savages somewhere north of Hudson Bay, you
will feel like going with Addison on that difficult and apparently
almost hopeless search for the child, in the ice-choked waters of the
North.

The book is really a little epic; not the emblazoned and illuminated
record of history-making deeds by immortal heroes, but just the
homely, convincing tale of deeds within the capacity of our common
lay, — deeds that everybody applauds except those who do them.

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Addison's heart gave a jump

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The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.

881 Commonwealth Avenue



AUTUMN

By Clara E. Putnam



*Spring was a pledge, the rarest promise given
To truant souls who light their hearts in heaven;
Faith with the down plucked from her mother
breast*

*Built youth's celestial dreams an earthly nest.
This is the spring's fulfillment: every morn
The golden goal for which the past was born.
Each crimson mass of flame in autumn's gray
Found birth in some love-sanctioned yesterday:
The crumpled bloom of earth's deserted bowers
Shall live eternal in next season's flowers;
And I, whose restless heart no longer grieves,
Can hear God speaking in the falling leaves.*

A MAN WITH ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN

THERE are just two powers on earth," the new manager of the copper mines said to the president, "money and might."

The company was planning to "speed up," and owing to the manager's efforts all the rock houses, mines and smelters were soon running at full strength. One day, however, a gang of men displeased him, and he denounced them in strong terms and then dismissed them. The workmen crowded round the manager; blows were struck on both sides. A cry went up, and other workmen gathered quickly. They made a rush for him, and down he went. Picking himself up quickly, he sprang into a clerk's checking office and slammed the door.

The men had smashed the window and some were preparing to climb into the room when the manager, trembling with wrath and fear, heard a calm but smothered voice:

"Booth, booth, do not make a mistake. I'll thespak for you."

The men ceased their angry clamor and turned toward the big miner who had addressed them.

"It's all right, Mithter Dawthson," the newcomer said to the manager. "You may safely come out."

"Is that you, Captain Harris?" asked the manager.

"Yeth," said the leader of the miners. "I'll thespak for the men."

"Then I want all here dismissed!" demanded the manager.

"That it's not the word of reathon or juthice," said Captain Harris quietly. "I athk your pardon and conthideration for theth men. You are in their power now. If I thtand by you and lead you away, they will be in your power. Deal with me ath you like, but deal with them conthiderately."

"Take me out of this!" demanded the manager.

"I will," said Captain Harris, "and ath man to man I claim your word of honor to deal juthly by theth men."

Later in the office the manager said to the president: "Who is this Captain Harris that with a word from his thick throat can turn a mob of angry men into lambs?"

"Oh," said the president, "have you come under the charm of that man too?"

"What is there in him?" demanded the manager. "He's a big man, I'll grant, six feet and a little more perhaps with a lump at his neck and twinkling blue eyes. But what is there in him to sway the men as he does?"

"And sway us too," added the president. "That man is a saint if there ever was one. He wishes to bear all the mistakes of everybody. Any moment his life may be nipt by that deadly cancer on his neck—the lump you speak of. He asks no sympathy from anyone. It's all right, boys," says Harris. "So long as there's life I'm here to stand by you. When the vein breaks it's the Master's call, and I'll report for duty at the higher office. You can't resist the power of a man who has one foot already in heaven!"

"I never met anything like it before," admitted the manager. "I believe I owe my life to him." And he told of his encounter.

"Well," said the president, smiling, "you may boast all you like of the power of money and force, but Captain Harris is a constant witness of the charm, influence and power of a good life."

LOVE, A DIVIDEND

IS everything all settled?" Pen looked up eagerly as Mrs. Melrose entered the room. "Yes; I shall have to start back tomorrow afternoon, I fear." And Mrs. Melrose sat down on the window seat beside her young friend. "I shall be sorry to leave you people and go back to the hot city."

"Tomorrow?" Pen inquired anxiously. "Can Jean get ready so soon?"

Mrs. Melrose slipped her hand over Pen's slim hands and answered gently: "She isn't go-

ing with me, dear. She has decided that her place is at home."

"Isn't going!" Pen was astounded. "She intends to give up a chance like that just to stay in a pokey town like this and never amount to anything! O Mrs. Melrose, I did think she would see what this means and realize that she hasn't any right to spend all her life at home pottering round like an ordinary person. Talents like hers are a sacred trust, and they shouldn't be wasted. You agreed with me; you said you did!" Pen looked at her friend reproachfully.

"I did say just that, dear," Mrs. Melrose replied. "Talents are a sacred trust, but are fame and fortune the only valuable results of such talents?"

"But she doesn't do anything with them. Not—"

"But, Pen, dear," her friend interrupted her, "who decorated the booths at the bazaar last week? Who designed Miss Peabody's window decorations and the interior of her shop when her millinery business was almost at a standstill and made it so enticing that everyone stopped to look and then to buy? How about Mrs. Moody, that dear old lady with the crippled leg? Who except Jean would design those fascinating tatted edges for her shuttle to weave and her mind to keep busy with? And I wonder what paid helper would run over to Mrs. Atwater's and draw funny pictures for little Lorrie to keep him quiet while his frail, worn little mother finished her canning or mopped her big kitchen floor? Pen, dear, the love and sympathy that Jean is scattering round here is a means of greater inspiration to many more hearts than the dresses she might design for any New York house."

"H'm," Pen looked thoughtfully at her friend. "You mean it's like putting your money in the bank and letting it draw interest year after year. Sometimes it yields more than big investments and speculations."

"Exactly," her friend answered; "and love is the biggest dividend any investment can pay."

"You're a dear!" cried Pen and squeezed her friend's hand appreciatively. "I—I think I'll check up my own assets and see whether they are all properly invested."

SILENT BUT NOT DUMB

A BRILLIANT and flowing wit is a fine thing, but, if you possess it and feel tempted to use it as Mr. Coulson Kernahan in *Celebrities* declares the playwright Mr. Mostyn Pigott delights to use his, look out! A "silent man" may beat you at it, as Mr. Pigott once was beaten.

One night at a certain club, says Mr. Kernahan, Pigott singled out a notoriously shy and nervous new member and for half an hour "chaffed" him unmercifully. The "silent man" made no reply other than to smile uneasily as if to convey that he took the "roasting" in good part, but his heightened color and nervous shuffling in his seat showed that he was not a little embarrassed.

"I have a grudge against you, Pigott," the silent man said at last.

"Holy Balaam and the miracle of the talking ass!" ejaculated Pigott. "The silent man has spoken. The dear thing isn't dumb after all! It has opened its mouth at last and appears to have a tongue in its head. A grudge against me? Why?"

"I have been to see your play, *All Fletcher's Fault*, at the Avenue," was the reply.

"Well?"

"And I liked it very much, but I caught the most infernal cold I ever had in my life."

"Well, that was not my fault or Fletcher's," said Pigott.

"Yes, it was."

"How do you make that out?"

"An empty house!" was the significant answer. "The two or three persons who formed the audience found it awfully chilly!"

As Pigott's play had notoriously failed, the hit went home.

ENOUGH TO KILL ANYONE

MANY people believe that an Indian has no sense of humor, but Mr. J. H. Cook in *Fifty Years on the Old Frontier* shows that some of them could see the funny side of things fairly well.

On one occasion about thirty years ago, he writes, a large party of Ogallala Sioux came over to my ranch in Sioux County, Nebraska, from Pine Ridge Agency, South Dakota, for a visit. Among the party were some of the last of the prominent old men of the Sioux. Chief Red Cloud and several members of his family were there as well as Little Wound, American Horse, No Water, Big Road, He Dog and other famous old warriors. Two prominent medicine men of the tribe, Corn Cob and Black Elk, were also present.

I was away from the ranch when they arrived. On my return I rode into their camp and met those old friends and their families who had driven so far to make me a visit.

Among the Indians was an old fellow named Wolf's Ears, whom I had never seen before. He was one of the last of the men to come up and shake my hand when I greeted the party. As I was about to mount my horse and ride to the corral the old man asked me to come to his tepee; he said that he had something to tell me. I followed him in and sat down. He produced a pipe from the "heart bag," filled it with tobacco and the inner bark of the dogwood, and we "made a little smoke." Then he solemnly told me in a low voice that a few years before he had a friend, a white man, who lived in the Black Hills country. Whenever he visited his white friend the white man always killed eight or ten cattle for him and for the few families who would always accompany him on such a visit, so they could have a fine feast and take plenty of meat back to the agency. I was glad to know that the Indian had had such a good friend, and I asked what had become of him.

"He is dead," responded Wolf's Ears sadly.

"But what killed him?" I inquired.

"I do not know," answered the old Indian.

"Well," I replied with as straight a face as I could assume, "I will tell you what killed him. Giving eight or ten cattle to an Indian would kill any white man. I shall be sure not to do such a thing, now that you have told me what happened to your other friend."

Wolf's Ears saw the point, and it affected him enough so that he laughed heartily as I departed. I could hear the old Indian still laughing mightily after I had gone a hundred feet from his tepee.

UNITED THEY STAND

TWO trees rubbing together frequently cause curious grafts or fusions. Probably that is what brought about the singular formation in the lower picture, which shows an



ordinary elm united with a red elm near Skunk River in Iowa. On the other hand, some persons believe it to have been the work of Indians, who years ago joined the then young trees to form a landmark.

The upper picture shows a natural graft of two white elms near Grand River in Ontario, Canada. The trees are seventy and seventy-five feet high and thirty-eight and forty-two inches in diameter three feet from the ground. The height of the joining limb on the larger tree is eight feet, and on the smaller tree ten feet and ten inches; the connecting limb is several inches in diameter. The age of the trees is hard to determine, but to judge

by their size they are without doubt more than one hundred years old. As one of the trees was recently injured by a storm, the remarkable twins will probably not survive much longer.

RUSSIAN MUSIC IN A RUSH

UNDER the old régime in Russia the czar wanted a thing when he wanted it, and it was some one's extremely urgent business to see that he had it, and had it on time. Mr. Leopold Auer, in a recent volume of reminiscences, relates that when he and Rubinstein had arranged the programme for a concert to be given by the czar in honor of a visiting monarch they were dismayed to find that Davidoff, the court violoncellist, to whom an important part had been assigned, was absent without permission on a concert tour in Finland. Count Alderberg, the minister of the imperial household, forbade them to change their arrangements, promising a trifle grimly that the missing musician should return in time. He did return, though only just before the performance.

He told Auer that he had been aroused in his room at Viborg, near the frontier at five o'clock in the morning. Going to the door, he found the chief of police, who asked if he were Charles Davidoff, violoncello soloist to the czar. He admitted that he was, and the official ordered him to dress, pack his belongings and come. He had not the least idea why or where, but it is not wise to resist arrest, and he went. He was escorted to the railway station, where an engine and a single car stood waiting, and

was ordered aboard. The officer then saluted and handed him a telegram, which read:

"Telegraph order from the Minister of the Imperial Household to His Majesty the Czar: To all chiefs of police in Finland: Hunt up at once and find His Majesty's soloist Charles Davidoff and return him immediately per special train to Peterhof."

Special trains in Russia were seldom used except for royalty, and during the journey Davidoff was divided between apprehension of punishment for being absent without leave and amusement at seeing peasants, soldiers and railway employees along the route hastily fall into line and salute with profound respect as he shot by.

Long before the days of railways a much more imperious ruler of Russia than the late czar, Catherine the Great, once sent for a missing singer who had slipped away to court a sweetheart in a distant town. It was winter, and he was brought back by sleigh at great speed by relays of horses and with no pauses for rest. When the poor man arrived he was nearly dead with fatigue. He was hurried at once upon the presence of the empress and the court circle, but in the few minutes before it came his turn he fell asleep so soundly that when he slipped from his chair and landed upon the floor with a loud bump he remained there in a snoring heap without waking. The empress, who when she was not angry was very good-natured and often downright jolly, was greatly amused and made a kind of game of trying, and encouraging the courtiers to try, to find a way to awaken him. Anything in the way of noise was allowable, but pulling, pinching and slapping were barred. They whistled, shouted, banged pans and rang bells; the uproar was terrific, and half the court became helpless with laughter while the other half shrieked themselves hoarse; but the exhausted musician never stirred. At last, breaking her own rule, Catherine herself jerked and pulled the man to his feet; he roused for a moment, but his head dropped upon his breast before he had finished stammering an apology. She then ordered the other musicians to play a familiar lullaby, all present joining merrily in the chorus, as a tall guardsman at a sign from her picked up the sleeper as if he were a baby and carried him off to bed.

WINSOME WATER BABIES

THE animals of the Galápagos Islands are not domestic, but most of them are far too tame to be described as wild. Never having been disturbed by man, they have no fear of him. Mr. William Beebe and the scientific expedition whose achievements he has described in a recent fascinating book, *Galápagos*, collected the specimens they needed; but they killed reluctantly and sparingly and fully appreciated the confiding friendliness of the birds and the beasts surrounding them in such numbers. Perhaps none of their wild friends were tamer or more appealing than some of the water babies.

One day Mr. Beebe was hunting shells among the tide pools. "A very large and brilliant chiton shell caught my eye," he writes, "and I stepped down into three feet of water and began to pry the great mollusk loose. I could not see what I was doing while my hands were busy, and it was only by turning my head sideways that I could keep my mouth above the surface. Suddenly I got a tremendous shock as I felt a soft, warm rubberlike substance press against my hands. I leaped back, and at that instant a baby seal rose directly in front of me, treading water with his hind flippers while his front mitted fingers were folded laughably across his breast. He looked at me with all his soul and forthwith burst into a loud, raucous wail."

"A deep roar sounded from the other side of a barrier of huge boulders, and instantly there appeared, swimming swiftly and banking on the turn, a mother sea lion and two more infants. She saw me at once, and her fear died so instantly that it was not wholly complimentary. She might have explained it, 'That thing, whatever it is, is not a shark, so it's all right!'"

"She barked a something out to the youngster and swam back and forth, watching me both above and below water. I went on with my chiton prying, greatly to the edification of the three young seals, who, gathered in a circle not more than six feet away, never missed a movement of mine. Again and again one would swim forward under water and nuzzle my fingers to find out what I was trying to do."

Another time, when Mr. Beebe was writing by the shore on a great slab of rock, four pup seals on another slab almost within arm's reach watched him with strained concentration in their big eyes.

"They were silent," he records, "and now and then lost interest in me to the extent of nodding sleepily or scratching their half-dry rich brown fur. A newcomer began frolicking with one of the four, and they raced all round in their hunched, caterpillar method, sending down a shower of fine sand, which fell on my writing and dried it, as the sand boxes of my grandfather used to dry his ink. A few yards away the parents of the baby seals were stretched out in sound slumber. I could go up and push and slap them without awakening them."

A captured baby sea lion—kidnapped by being swiftly picked up and walked off with—became a great pet on board the expeditionary

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yacht Noma. He was named Benjamin and was soon quite at home and very fond of the phonograph.

"When allowed to roam," says Mr. Beebe, "he always turned in the direction of the cabin and after much flopping hoisted himself over the sill and fell with a thud into the smoking room. On one occasion he managed by super-sea-lion efforts to climb to a leather-covered seat and from that to the top of the phonograph, where he was discovered lying cozily in and on some one's new straw hat."

HE WALKED TWO MILES BACKWARD

SOON after the close of the Civil War, writes a contributor, many of the discharged Union soldiers took advantage of the offer of free lands in the West and migrated thither. Among them was W. H. Case, an Ohio boy, who settled in Colorado near the new little town of Golden City, now called Golden. In a short time he had several enterprises under way, including large limekilns and stone quarries on Ralston Creek.

On one occasion business had kept him in Golden City until after nightfall. Since it was brilliant moonlight, he started to walk home. About two miles out as he rounded the shoulder of a hill he came upon a mountain lion devouring a calf. As he stopped the animal looked up. In telling the story Mr. Case used to say, "I had often read about the wonderful effect of the human eye upon a wild animal, and the first thought that flashed through my mind was, 'Here's your chance to try that!'"

While he looked steadily into the creature's eyes one plan of escape after another raced through his mind. He had no weapon except a pocket knife; there was no chance of escape either up or down the mountain side; his only hope was to go back. But he was sure that if he turned his back the animal would spring upon him. He took a step backward, and the lion rose to its feet; another, and it advanced toward him. He stopped, and it stopped also.

While the creature continued to gaze at him he cautiously slipped off his blue army overcoat and then, grasping it by the collar, suddenly swept it in a wide semicircle in front of him and retreated two or three steps. But instead of frightening the creature the movement seemed to rouse some sense of curiosity, and it stepped forward as if to investigate. Immediately he swung the coat again and took a few steps backward. The animal stopped, but when he moved it came on.

Thus he reached and rounded the shoulder of the hill. But when he would have turned to run he saw the big cat rounding the hill also. Thus they went, the man waving the overcoat and taking two or three steps backward, the lion stopping when the coat waved and starting on when it ceased.

After seeming ages had passed Case became aware of lights on each side and realized that he was in Golden City. He let forth a yell that brought people to their doors; only then did the animal turn and bound away in the direction from which they had come. Case had walked the two miles backwards without stumbling and without once taking his eyes off the lion!

At first friends would not credit his story, but after they had pried his hands loose from the overcoat and several had ridden out the two miles and found the carcass of the calf and traced the footprints of man and beast, with an occasional mark where the coat had swept the dust, they were forced to believe.

THE WISE HEAD MASTER

FOR ten years, ruefully admits Mr. Stephen Leacock in *College Days*, I was a schoolmaster. About thirty years ago I was appointed to the staff of a great Canadian school. It took me ten years to get off it. Being appointed to the position of a teacher is like being hooked up through the braces and hung up against a wall; it is hard to get down again.

From those ten years I carried away nothing in money and little in experience—indeed no other asset whatever, unless it be here and there a pleasant memory or two and the gratitude of my former pupils. There was nothing really in my case for them to be grateful about. They got nothing from me in the way of intellectual food except a lean and perfunctory fare; and anything that I gave them in the way of sound moral benefit I gave gladly and never missed. But schoolboys have a way of being grateful. It is the decent thing about them.

A schoolboy while he is at school regards his masters as a mixed assortment of tyrants and freaks. He plans vaguely that at some future time in life he will "get even" with them. But somehow a schoolboy is no sooner done with his school and out in the business of life than a soft haze of retrospection suffuses a new color over all that he has left behind. In the tones of the school bell there is a mellow sound that he never heard in his six years of attendance. In the color of the old red bricks there is a warmth that he never saw before, and in the brook or in the elm trees beside the school playground there is such a charm and sadness that he will stand near them with a bowed and reverent head as in the silence of a cathedral.

I have seen an old boy who has been out of school perhaps only five years gaze into the open door of an empty classroom and ask,

"And those are the same old benches?" with a depth of meaning in his voice. The benches already seem to him infinitely old! That by the way is the moment and the mood in which the "old boy" may be touched for a subscription to the funds of the school. That is the way as a matter of fact in which the sagacious head master does it.

The foolish head master who has not yet learned his business takes the "old boy" round and shows him all the new things—the fine new swimming pool built since his day and the new gymnasium with up-to-date patent apparatus. That method is all wrong; the "old boy" is bored. The wise head master takes him by the sleeve and says "Come." He leads him out to a deserted corner of the playground and shows him an old tree behind an ash house, and the "old boy" no sooner sees it than he says:

"Why, great Caesar! That's the same old tree that Jack Counsell and I used to climb up to hook out of bounds on Saturday night! Old Jimmy caught us at it one night and licked us both. And look here, here's my name cut on the boarding at the back of the ash house. See? They used to fine us five cents a letter if they found it. Well! Well!" The "old boy" is deep in his reminiscences, examining the board fence, the tree and the ash house.

The wise head master does not interrupt him. He does not say that he knew all along that the "old boy's" name was cut there and that was why he brought him to the spot. Least of all does he tell him that the boys still "hook out of bounds" by the same means and that he licked two of them for it last Saturday night. No, no, retrospect is too sacred for that! Let the "old boy" have his fill, and when he is quite overcome with the burden of it then as they walk back to the school building the head master may pick a donation from him that falls like a ripe thimbleberry.

MOONLIGHT AND ILLITERACY

AN illiterate old man, says Mrs. Cora Stewart in her book *Moonlight Schools*, once remarked at a patriotic meeting: "Uncle Sam, our President of the United States, is a grand old man." During the early stages of the Great War another man declared: "The United States ought to go over and help France. He helped us when we needed it, and now we ought to help him."

It was for the purpose of stamping out illiteracy that in 1911 the moonlight schools were established; sessions were held on moonlight nights so that the pupils, men and women, could see their way over the rough country. The schools had their origin in Rowan County, Kentucky, and grew out of a need expressed, not by mere theorists, but by the mountaineers themselves; they were eager to learn. "These people," says Mrs. Stewart, "are descended from the best ancestry—Virginia and North Carolina—that traces back to England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. Theirs was in the main an educated ancestry; some of their forefathers read Latin, and some of them Greek. Here and there in the mountain cabin or farmhouse may be found an ancient copy of Caesar, Vergil, Chaucer or some other rare old book, useless to the possessor except as a relic. They are a people of arrested civilization who sing the ballads sung in England three hundred years ago but forgotten there now, and who use expressions that belong to the centuries past. They have the blood and the bearing of a noble people; they are a noble people."

LARGE BUT SENSITIVE

THE Scottish comedian Sir Harry Lauder has a fund of laughable stories with which he agreeably occupies the pauses between his litting songs. For example:

"Yon's a great place," said Sir Harry, speaking of a north country town that he had been visiting, "and I had a great reception there. Everything was just great and the women too—some of them. In one street while I was there a tramcar collided with a milk cart; two milk cans were upset into the road, and the milk splashed across the street. Soon a crowd gathered. A very short man—just a wee bit smaller than myself—was standing behind a stout lady, so that he couldn't very well see what was happening. When at last he did get a glimpse of the milk flowing in the street he exclaimed:

"'Lumme! What a waste!'"

"The stout lady turned and glared at him, 'Mind your business,' she said sternly, 'and don't make personal remarks!'"

SIMPLIFIED BOOKKEEPING

A YOUNG husband, says the Argonaut, finding that his pretty but extravagant wife was exceeding their income, brought home a neat little account book and presented it to her together with a hundred dollars.

"Now, my dear," he said, "I want you to put down on this side what I give you, and on the other write down the way it goes, and then I will give you another supply."

A couple of weeks later he asked for the book.

"Oh, I have kept the account all right," said the wife. "See, here it is."

On one page was inscribed, "Received from Norman, \$100," and on the page opposite, the comprehensive summary, "Spent it all."



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COLORADO SPRINGS, at the foot of Pike's Peak, "the Sentinel of the Rockies," is a beautiful city of more than 31,000 inhabitants. It is visited annually by thousands of health-seekers and tourists from every part of the world. A cog-railway, trail and automobile road lead to the summit of the towering, snow-capped peak. The motor road has been used for testing the hill-climbing abilities of many types of automobiles.

Pike's Peak and Gettysburg

-one soap holds first place



BY the window marked X on the accompanying picture of the old Wills House at Gettysburg, Abraham Lincoln is said to have finished, on the back of an envelope, the brief address begun on the train from Washington, which today every school child knows by heart. This was Lincoln's room during his stay at Gettysburg. The Lincoln Highway passes the Wills House and crosses the Gettysburg battlefield where the famous address was delivered.

Photo by W. H. Tipton, Gettysburg, Pa.



IT is something more than 1500 miles by airplane from Gettysburg, Pa. to Colorado Springs. But, in the matter of laundry soap these two widely separated towns might be next-door neighbors.

For in both, P and G The White Naphtha Soap is the largest-selling laundry soap.

And what is true of Gettysburg and Colorado Springs is true generally throughout the whole country—P and G is the largest-selling laundry soap in America.

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naturally incline towards the use of a white soap.

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It cuts down the drudgery of washday by eliminating hard rubbing and frequent boiling.

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